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BLACK & ARMSTRONG, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH,
MARCH, 1839.

FAUST.

A Tragedy.

FAUST:

A Tragedy,

BY J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY J. BIRCH, ESQ.,

Author of "Fifty-One Original Fables and Morals," "Divine Emblems," &c.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM,

CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

SIR,

I HAVE at length completed the very arduous and hazardous undertaking I had proposed to myself; and have now the high satisfaction and honour to place the first copy of my Work at the feet of Your Royal Highness: which I proudly do, since I have especial permis-

sion to dedicate it to so illustrious, beloved, and truly distinguished a Prince; and confidently, since that Prince has already condescended to express his gracious approval of a hastily-translated portion thereof.

If this my anxious endeavour to accomplish a faithful and poetical translation of the immortal Goethe's "Faust," as a *whole*, fulfil Your Royal Highness's expectations, then is my hope realized, —if I succeed in meriting the respect of the highly learned and intellectual German nation, for having worthily rendered their great poet into English — and induce my own countrymen to extend their knowledge of German poetry, in consequence of having placed before them Goethe's masterpiece in agreeable versification, —then have I been the means of benefiting general literature, and my ambition has triumphed; but to Your Royal Highness be the honour; for it was the influence of Your gracious patronage that stimulated me to persevere, and encouraged me to complete.

MAY it please Your Royal Highness to permit me thus publicly to offer my grateful thanks for the favour You have conferred on me in becoming the Patron of this Work, and also for the praises You were pleased to bestow on the preceding productions of my pen; to one of which I shall always feel a more than parental affection, as being indebted to it for originating in me the thought, and furnishing me with the occasion, to revive in Your Royal Highness's mind the memory of one, whom You had "ni vu, ni su, depuis vingt-six ans."

MAY it further please Your Royal Highness to accept of my warmest wishes for Your Royal Highness's national and family happiness, and my fervent hope that Your Royal Highness may enjoy uninterrupted health and long life,—that so the World may profit by Your wisdom in the use of power, Your kindness of heart, Your courage, magnanimity, and love of justice—proceeding from a strong, brilliant, and cultivated mind, matured by the experience of years and circumstances; and

Literature rejoice in having so powerful a protector, and liberal patron.

With the greatest respect and attachment, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

May it please Your Royal Highness,

Your Royal Highness's

most devoted and humble Servant,

JONATHAN BIRCH.

PREFACE.

It was my intention to have put forth this Translation without either preface or note, but lest I should be charged with presumption or affectation in so closely imitating Goethe—and because it has been said in different quarters that there was no want of another version—that Goethe was already perfectly understood, and had had ample justice done to his Faust—and that it was audacious in one unknown as a German scholar and to the literary world, to fancy that he could, in the face of seven English translations, throw new light on the original text, or improve its garb; for these causes, with feelings something akin to pity towards such persons, and great diffidence towards the republic of literature, I have so far changed my mind as to offer a few remarks as to the why and wherefore, and a statement of my principles of action in respect to the following translation.

I was partially acquainted with Goethe's Faust, so far back as 1804, and became more so during many years' sojourn in Prussia, where residing amongst Germans, and mixing in all grades of society, I had ample opportunity

of studying and practising the German language, as written and spoken by the peer, the highly-learned, the merchant, the mechanic, and the peasant, so as to become well versed in the genius of the language—since then my practice has been confined to occasionally reading a German author.

About three years ago Faust again fell in my way, —I gave it much attention, and was rewarded by astounding delight; for I discovered in it beauties which I had heretofore overleaped, reading it as I then did, for its story and dramatic effect. I perused it again and again, and each time with increased pleasure and wonder. I attempted some detached parts in poetry, and found that I succeeded; then did the first thought arise in my mind of making a complete translation. Not having seen any of the renderings into English, I possessed myself of two, and after having compared the parts I had done and them, and both with the German, I presumed there was room for another versified translation. So much for my possible capability, and the causes that led to my undertaking the following translation. That my proper name is unknown to the literary world is true, yet have two of the productions of my pen passed the ordeal of criticism, and received the reviewers' meed of praise, namely, my "FIFTY-ONE ORIGINAL FABLES AND MORALS," published five years ago, as written by JOB CRITHANNAH; and my recently published "DIVINE EMBLEMS," as by JOHANN ABRICHT, both being *anagrams* of my proper name.

Relative to this translation, I have proposed to myself to give the meaning of my author fully, neither skipping over nor avowedly leaving out any part; but studiously masking such passages as might be considered objectional to delicacy—to give it in poetry, line for line, and literally, where the genius of the two languages admitted of such closeness; for if too verbally given, Goethe becomes increasingly obscure, and his beauties remain undeveloped. I have therefore considered it better on some occasions, to give a good liberal English equivalent rather than a cramped verbality, so that the *verse might flow*, without which no poetical version could ever become agreeable to the English reader, or approach to a display of Goethe's versification.—In fact,—a spirited translation, palpable, interesting, and pleasing, from its euphony to the Englishman, and satisfactory to the German scholar, from its correctness.

To attain my wishes, I have availed myself of the same latitude in my rendering, that Goethe permitted himself in composition, namely, making the rhymes irregular; chiming the first and second, and third and fourth lines; sometimes the first and fourth, and second and third; and sometimes the first and third, and second and fourth, as occasion required, and suiting the number of the poetic feet to the ability of language to express the idea—at no time however sacrificing sense for Pope-ish equality, or spoiling the thought for the sake of a PERFECT rhyme. I have also allowed myself in one or two instances to fill

up a sentence by a few words descriptive,—that the verse might the better play, taking care that they were in keeping, and not in any wise partaking of paraphrase, as in *page* 8, *line* 1; and in one instance I have kept the German word for a part of a key, rather than lose a beautiful parallel, *(see note to page* 37, *line* 16.) I have also held to the *form* of his poetry when it diverges, as in *page* 51, where he makes the "Aged Peasant" discourse in alternate rhymes; in *page* 167, where Faust uses blank verse, and in the whole scene after the Walpurgis Night, commencing *page* 229, which is prose.

The greatest liberty I have taken with this piece, as published in Germany, has been to give to the Prelude, Prologue, and Tragedy, a Dramatis Personæ raisonné, expressly for the English reader. Where I have materially differed from preceding translators, I have sometimes defended my reading by a note, and where a passage in Goethe admits of doubt, or indicates a misprint, I have given to it the justest interpretation in my power, making it accord with the context, and the feelings of the speaker towards the same party, on other occasions, as in *page* 173, *lines* 15, 16.

How far I have accomplished what I proposed, it is for the public to judge: thus much I may truly say —I have devoted long time, unremitting attention, and great labour of thought to this work, ambitious that it should in some measure do justice to Goethe, and prove

worthy of the high patronage that has been vouchsafed it. The notes are generally for the better understanding of certain passages by the English reader.

During the delay that has unavoidably occurred, and while these sheets have been passing through the press, I have devoted much time to the SECOND PART of FAUST, which I purpose hereafter (should this obtain favour) to present to the public, versified, printed and embellished in every respect similar to the present.

Although not so perfect as a Drama, it contains poetry, wit, and scenes of astounding power, equalling, if not surpassing such beauties in the First Part; it has more of the agreeable—less of the heart-rending—is increasingly difficult to fathom,—yet well rewarding the labour and study of the translator by the depth and novelty of the ideas when discovered.

To those who have preceded me in translating Faust, I offer the hand of fellowship; I can appreciate their labours and difficulties as they can mine—my differing with them in the construction of certain passages will not, I hope, generate either jealousy or anger—to each, the reading public are much indebted,—for every following translation has tended to develop the thoughts of the profound Goethe;—but chiefly are they indebted to the nobleman who took the lead,—for by his translation, was Goethe's Faust so agreeably introduced to the English.

To one passage I must call the attention of Germany, and request their good-will towards myself, when they examine the value of my proofs; it is that on *page* 31, commencing with "O Death!" I have felt constrained to render it as I have done, notwithstanding I have been informed that it is contrary to the general opinion, as gathered from the manner in which the passage is universally given on the German stage. I have defended my conception of the part in a long note, wherein I have stated my reasons, and produced evidence which I consider favourable to the construction I have put thereon, from Goethe himself. The doing so I hope will propitiate anger (should any be felt) at a foreigner presuming to offer an opinion on a passage in Goethe contrary to the *accepted* meaning.

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FAUST.

A Tragedy.

INVOCATION.

INVOCATION.

AGAIN ye come! vague fluttering forms of Fancy
As erst, in glimpses on my sickly sight:
Shall I this time, assay with force to clutch ye?
Inclines my heart for such delusive flight?
Onward ye press! 'tis well, float then around me
As ye emerge from mist and vapour's night:
My bosom feels youth's thrilling joys again,
Moved by the magic-breath, that atmospheres your train.

YE bring with ye, the scenes of merrier days,
And many a much-loved shadow to my view;
Like to an old half-spent tradition's blaze
Come on first-love and early friendships true,—
Past pangs revive, and beckon back, the haze,
The plaint, that labyrinthine Life ran through;
And friends are named, who of their life's broad day
By fortune choused, were snatched from me away!

THEY are all deaf to th' sequel of my song,
Those souls, to whom my early lays I sang—
And dust, the friendly crowds, that did prolong
The echo—when the loudest plaudits rang.
My griefs, now sound to th' unknown stranger throng,
Whose very praise, gives my old heart a pang!
And those who for my youthful odes, felt thirst,
If still they live! are wand'ring o'er the world—dispers'd.

AGAIN I feel, though weaned for many a year,
The wish, to know the world of Spirits, nigher—
E'en now, my faltering voice disturbs the air
In lisping notes—like to the Æolian lyre—
A hallowed chillness sways—tear chases tear,
And my stern heart—is now soft, mild desire;
What I possess, in misty distance see!
And what had disappeared—now seems, Reality.

THE PRELUDE.

THE MANAGER.

THE POET.

THE COMIC FRIEND, a jovial, jocose, witty companion, attached to the management.

MANAGER.—POET.—COMIC FRIEND.

THE MANAGER.

You Twain, who oft have stood by me
In weal and woe—and sober sadness—
Say what's to hope, in Germany
From our attempt to bring them gladness?
I wish to please the multitude—
For they let live both man and beast!
The boards are up—the cloth unclewed—
And all expect a grand theatric feast!
There they all sit methinks, with upraised brow
To be delighted by our scenic show.
I who've long known to cater for the public,
Ne'er felt myself in such a ticklish strait,
And though they ken not much o' th' good Dramatic,
Yet have they read a wondrous deal of late.
How manage We,—that all be gay, and new?
Pregnant with meaning—and amusing too?
Oh I do love to see the mob
Run crowding to the booth in shoals!

Boys, butchers, students, snip and snob,
Push through the barrier, like young foals,
By broad day-light—before the stroke of four,
With shove, and shouting, to the place for checks:
(As in a famine to the baker's door)
To get a ticket—nearly break their necks.
Such wonders—on such various people, may
The Poet only work—my friend, do so to-day.

POET.

O mention not the motley crew;
Their single look my genius awes—
O, veil the PEOPLE from my view,
Whose breath compels us to the whirlpool's jaws.
No, lead me rather to some silent vale
Where for the Poet, joys are flowering—
There love and friendship our poor hearts regale,
Ethereal plants—of heavenly nurturing!
What in the bosom's depth, is there up-welling,
What there the lips in secret babblings pour:
Now turbid running—then so brightly rilling
Is gulphed for ever, by their gust of power.
Often are years absorbed in the progressing,
Ere verse assumes a form, to captivate the hour!
Born for the present are the flashing flights;
The sterling authorship—posterity delights.

COMIC FRIEND.

O preach no more 'bout what the after-world may say:
Suppose POSTERITY were all the question,
Pray, who would furnish frolic for to-day?
Which will, and shall have much diversion.

The aid of a quaint, good-humoured chap
May prove to you, Sir, no mishap!—
Those bards who know their feelings to impart
With skill—fear not the public excitation,
But rather wish that crowds attend their mart
The theatre—more sure the laugh to start.
Therefore, cheer up! and give a gallant sample.
Let Fancy! her full choruses lead on,
And of the Passions! give us ample:
But have a care—omit not lots of FUN.

MANAGER.

But above all, be sure to deal out plenty:
They come to gaze—oblige the gazing gentry:
If plenty for their eyes and ears, you measure out,
So that the *many*, wonder-gape and bellow
Then have you done the trick with th' common rout,
And are forsooth, a very darling fellow!
You can the masses, only by a *masse* constrain;
Each one can then take something to himself.
If you give plenty, all will somewhat gain,
And *none* begrudge the loitered time, and pelf—
Give you a PIECE—so let it be in pieces!
Such a ragout, the audience always pleases—
'Tis lighter in construction—easier played.
Suppose a genuine "five-act play" you've made,
The public censure but increases.

POET.

You think such task no mental drudgery!
You do not feel the Poet's glowing passion!
The superficial Messieurs Fudgery
With you I see are now in fashion.

MANAGER.

By such reproof—untouched am I!
He who uprightly thinks may surely try
To make ends meet—and choose the tools to fit.
Remember! you have loose-grained wood to split!
Weigh well the tastes of those for whom you write—
Some, only come to kill the time till night,
Some, from an overladen-table feeding!
But what is worse—and real cause for fright,
Too many from the curs'd new journal reading;
All come to be amused, as to a masquerade:
And every step is winged by prying foolery.
The ladies and their gear make gay parade,
And play a part—without gratuity.
What dream you! perched on your Parnassian height?
Does not a crowded house impart delight?
Take of our patrons, Sir, a close survey,
One half are listless—half rude lusts obey—
Those, from the play-house, go to play at cards;
These, to a riot-night in wenches' company!
No need have you, poor silly bards,
To wake the Nine for such-like trumpery.
I say again—give them enough, much, more,
That so, unerring, you may reach the goal;
Your winning game is still cajole, cajole!
To satisfy is sore ————————
What ails you? is it rapture or the cholic?

POET.

Go to—and seek some more obsequious wight.
What! shall the Bard forego his highest right?

The Right of Man! by Nature kindly lent—
Shall he—for whim of thine, from glory's path depart?
By what enchantment does he move each heart?
What magic vanquish every element?
Is it not Harmony—that from his bosom flows
And on his heart—the world again bestows.
When NATURE! th' ever-length'ning harl of life,
(Where all the germs of being as in strife
Are mix'd, and unharmonious through each other mingle,)
Carelessly turning, forces on the spindle—
Who takes the flowing fibre off in equal skeins,
And ranges them—idoneously?
Who consecrates the sev'ral parts, till all attains
A form, that strikes the eye harmoniously?
Who makes the raging winds pourtray the Passions—
The evening red, in a solemn sense to glow?
Who plants sweet flowers of spring-tide fashions
In the beloved one's path, and makes them blow?
Who plaits the simple verdant leaf that nods
In chaplets o'er the brows of Merit?
Who props Olympus—reconciles the gods?
Man's powers—revealéd in the Poet!

COMIC FRIEND.

Then put in use, my friend! the magic power
Of authorship—(the poet's heaven-sent dower),
Like to a love adventure with beginners:
By chance they meet—speak—touch—he lingers!
And by and by, the embrace is not exempted:
Their bliss increases—and they are tempted!
Then they're enraptured—pain is absence:
And ere they are aware—'tis a Romance!

Be that our Drama's leading feature—
Dash boldly into human nature:
Few know it—yet each feels its festering:
Grasp where you will—'tis always interesting.
Vary your tableaux—mystify conception;
A spark of truth, and plenty of deception:
Thus is prepared a most approved ragout,
That builds and vivifies the crowd anew.
Then congregate youth's beauteous blossoms,
Flock to your play, and o'er its deep plot brood;
Then do the tender, gentle bosoms,
Draw from your work sweet melancholy food;
First one, and then another is excited—
All see their own heart's bent, and are delighted.
For laughter they are ready, as for tears:
Their passions are awake, to revel in your tints.
Experienced ones, may wield the critic shears,
But growing minds are grateful for your hints.

POET.

Then give me back those times again
When I myself was only growing;
Then did my breast a fount contain
Of thronging lyrics, ever flowing:
Then lay the world in mist concealed;
My bud, fair wonders then bespoke:
The thousand flowerets then I broke
That richly every vale revealed.
I nothing had, yet sighed I not for treasure;
I searched for Truth, and found Delusion pleasure.
Give me again, unfettered young desire,
The luxury of pain, the pleasing rack—

The power to hate—love's raging fire.
My youth, my youth—oh give me back!

COMIC FRIEND.

Youth, my good friend, may oft be wanted—
In battle—when the onslaught trumpets clang:
When passion-full, as if enchanted
Upon your neck the loveliest maidens hang:
When in the hard-contested race—the wreath
Yet distant far, invites you to the goal:
When from th' impetuous whirling dance, for breath
You stop—and spend the night in festival and bowl!
But to awake the well-known lyre—to touch
With force, or gently erring o'er the strings
Effect a contemplated harmony by such
Considerate wanderings, as pure science brings,—
That, aged Sir! is now your duty's pathway!
(Nor less though aged our honour and good-will.)
AGE makes not childish—as the people say;
It but arrives and finds us children still!

MANAGER.

By bandying words there's nothing to be earned,
I'd thank you, gentlemen, to show me deeds!
Your compliments indeed are nicely *turned*,
But nothing useful from your *lathe* proceeds.
What helps 'bout Humour to be talking.
Humour!—the dawdler oft abuses.
If you as real Poets would be stalking,
Command the attendance of the Muses!
You know full well what I desire:
Strong mental draughts the crowds require—

So brew away! and sparkling be the *run*,
What's skipp'd to-day—to-morrow finds undone.
No time must now be lost—though quick its flight:
The possible, must flog on Resolution;
Whom seize i' th' hair, and hold full tight—
He can't escape, or fail to work aright,
Although he serve you by—compulsion.
You know that on the stage in Germany
Much is produced for th' eye to gaze on—
Spare nothing, gentlemen, on this occasion
In mechanism, dress, or scenery—
Give them Heaven's great, and lesser lights,
And use the Planets to your hearts' desire.
Of Water, Rocks, and Trees, and Fire,
Wild Beasts and Birds—be there no want, good wights!
In fact, cram in without a hesitation,
The Whole—the mighty round of the Creation!
And change the scenes adroitly—quick and well,
From Heaven, by way of Earth—to Hell.

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

A Dramatic Mystery.

THE SUPREME.

RAPHAEL.

GABRIEL.

MICHAEL.

MEPHISTOPHELES, one of the fallen angels, who in this Mystery takes the part of Satan, as represented in the book of Job. He obtains permission to tempt Faust, which he does by the power of the treasures, luxuries, and amusements of the world, instead of, as in the former case, losses, bereavements, and disease. He calls himself the Spirit of Negation, and may be considered throughout the piece as a personification of the Tempter of Mankind: his language is of the sarcastic, not the bold defying, which Milton puts into the mouth of Satan. Such Mysteries were common in England two centuries and a half ago, and were exhibited even in polished parts of Germany within the last forty years, consequently long subsequent to the time when this Tragedy was planned. Goethe therefore penned this scene under very different feelings of propriety to those we entertain in 1838: to omit it is impossible, for, besides the sublimity of parts, the whole plot and moral of Faust depend thereon.

THE SUPREME.—THE HEAVENLY HOST.—

TO THEM MEPHISTOPHELES.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS advance, contemplating the Universe.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun, in soft accord, as wont of old,
Joins in proud rivalry his brother-spheres:
And all, their fore-ordainéd journey hold,
Closing in thunder sounds—their circuit years!
The glorious sight, ennerves the angelic soul—
Yet *none* may fathom the display
Incomprehensible!—the wondrous WHOLE
Sparkles, as on creation's day.

GABRIEL.

Rapid—immeasurably quick
The Earth-pomp whirls, and circles round,
Changing its bright light—beatific!
For shudderings, and night profound.
In foaming tides, the broad seas roam,
Dashing their surges 'gainst the rocks' foundations,
And dragged are rocks, and seas, and foam,
For ever on, in swift rotations.

MICHAEL.

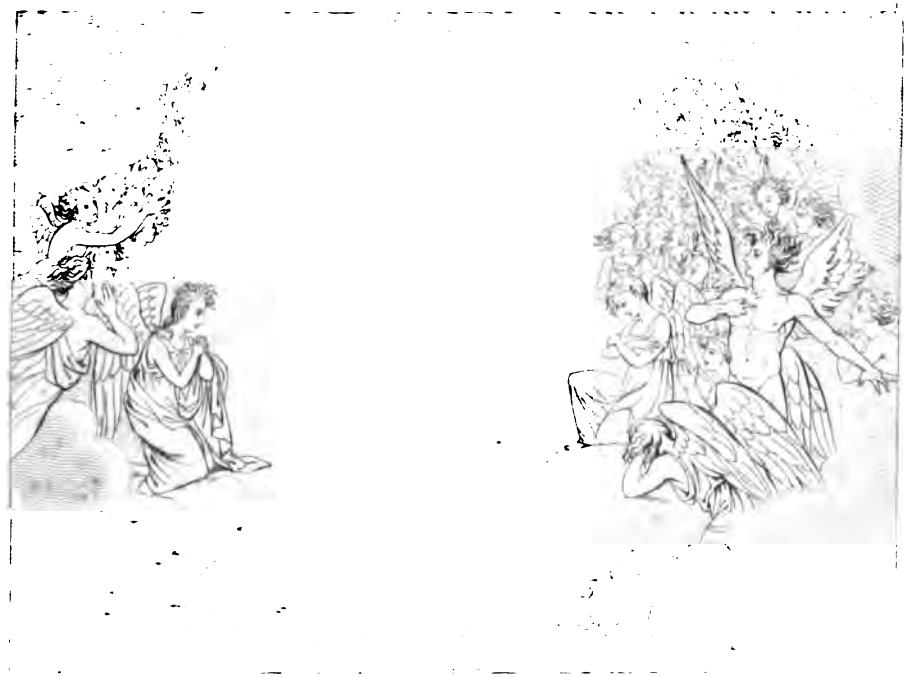
And storms in opposition raging
From seas o'er land—from land o'er ocean,
In conflict mad engaging,
Build deep-laid barriers by their motion.
Now the destroying lightning's vivid flame
Foreruns the awful thunder's roar—
Yet, Lord! thy messengers proclaim thy name,
And the calm tenure of "thy day" adore.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS.

The glorious sight, ennerves the angelic soul—
Yet *none* may fathom the display
Incomprehensible!—the wondrous WHOLE
Sparkles, as on creation's day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, hast once again drawn near,
And askest how terrene affairs have been?
And as thou'rt wont to be well-pleased when I appear!
So now amongst thy servants I am seen.
Pardon my simple tongue—too blunt for guile:
Can't coin high words!—Thy MENIALS, Sire, may mock!
But pathos from me would only make thee smile,
And since thou'st ceased to laugh, th' attempt might shock!
About the sun and worlds—I've no report to give:
I only scan how grumblingly men live!
The little GOD O' TH' EARTH, however, keeps his caste,
And is to-day as whimmy as o' th' past;
He perhaps, a trifle better might have thriven,
Hadst Thou not given him that seeming light of heaven



v thy MENTALS Sire, tally mock!

Which he calls Reason—but, beyond dispute,
It makes him far more beastly than the brute.
He seems to me, with th' high permission of your Grace,
To be much in the long-legged Cricket's case—
Which ever flickering flies, and flying hops,
And then—to grind its "old tune"—into the grass it drops.
'Twere better from the grass *he* never rose—
In every filth he plunges now, his nose!

THE SUPREME.

Hast thou to me then nothing more to say?
Dost come eternally complaints to lay?
Nothing seems right on earth with thee; for ever sad.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My Lord, I find things there, as heretofore—confounded bad!
Men are so wretched with your way to please them,
That I can scarcely find it in my heart to teaze 'em.

THE SUPREME.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE SUPREME.

My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To be sure I do!—He serves thee in strange guise, I think.
Not earthish is the numskull's meat and drink:

His fermentations drive him phantom joys to chase—
And half aware too is he, that his head's possess'd!
From Heaven he would the brightest stars displace,
And from the earth the choicest pleasures wrest;
But all that's near, and all that moves in space,
Contents not his deep-working haughty breast.

THE SUPREME.

Though now he serves me with entangled means,
He soon a clearer light shall know.
Kens not the Gard'ner when the sapling greens,
That bloom and fruit next year will show?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is the bet?—You'll lose him too,
If I permission have from you
By pleasing steps to lead him—my own way.

THE SUPREME.

So long as earth-beclogged is his condition,
So long I do not say thee, Nay.
Man's prone to err in acquisition.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou hast my thanks—for with cold clay
I never willingly did come in contact—
'Tis with the plump red-cheeked ones I have tact.
A corpse is far beyond my tutelary care,
Mine is a " cat and live mouse" affair.

THE SUPREME.

Well! be he committed to thy management.
Entice his spirit from its fountain-head,

And lead it (hast thou the power to circumvent)
With thee—thy downward path to tread—
But stand abashed when failure thou must own:
To a GOOD MAN, even in his darkest tribulation,
The righteous path is not unknown!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough—if thou delay not the probation,
I shall not quake for my HUMAN speculation!
Have I success, which doubtless will ensue,
You'll grant me a triumphal chaunt?
Dust shall the Doctor chump, and love it too,
Like to the far-famed serpent, my Maternal Aunt.

THE SUPREME.

Even then may'st thou appear without a lower—
'Gainst such as thee I have no loathing hate.
Of all the spirits that denied my power,
The Wag's the one I lightest execrate.

(To the Heavenly Host.)

As man's activity is prone to doze, you know,
(He being all too fond of unconditional ease,)
I willingly have given him one to tempt and tease,
Who being Devil, provides, and keeps him on the go.
But YOU, ye sons of God! of purest soul,
Delight ye in this moving beauteous Whole—
The Crescentive! that ever lived and wrought,
Embrace ye with the hallowed bands of love.
And such appearances as wavering seem to move
Them, make ye firm with everlasting thought.

The Heavens close; the Angels separate.

MEPHISTOPHELES *alone.*

From time to time I see the ancient Lord
Most willingly—and heed to give offence.

(To the Pit.)

'Tis vastly flattering, on my word,
For Devil to confab with Omnipotence.

FAUST.

A Tragedy.

FAUST, an upright learned Doctor of the fifteenth century, attached to a German College; who, vexed at the small results of school learning, becomes restless in search of higher knowledge, which he fancies is within the grasp of man's mind and means. He resorts to Magic, and by practice of the "black art," exorcises the Devil out of a black poodle dog, (Mephistopheles) who assuming the human form, and garb of a Student, the temptation commences.

MEPHISTOPHELES, the sarcastic tempting Spirit who appeared in the Prologue. He attacks Faust through the senses and passions, by which means he succeeds in making him guilty of great evil, but fails in breaking down his integrity of mind. To assist in the dramatic, "Faust sells himself to the Devil," that is, a contract is made between Mephistopheles and Faust; but the former failing to produce by all his administerings to the latter's desires such a calm in Faust's mind as that he should own himself "satisfied," the contract proves null at Faust's death, (as appears in the second part of the Tragedy) and the wager mentioned in the Prologue is consequently lost by Mephistopheles.

WAGNER, a Student, friend and companion of Faust, of great singleness of heart.

MARGARET, a beautiful, innocent, and pious girl, thrown in Faust's path by the tempter; becomes attached, and falls.

MARTHA, Margaret's neighbour, an intriguing widow.

VALENTINE, Margaret's brother, an honest, bold soldier, much attached to Margaret.

OLD COUNTRYMAN.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

A STUDENT, who has come to place himself under Dr. Faust.

LIZZA, an acquaintance and neighbour of Margaret's, very rigid.

WITCH, who gives to Faust the youth-restoring draught.

MONKEYS, SPIRITS, JOURNEYMEN, COUNTRY FOLK, CITIZENS, BEGGAR, OLD FORTUNE-TELLER, SHEPHERD, SOLDIER, STUDENTS, &c.

IN AUERBACH'S WINE-CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

FROSCH, the Tapster Host.

BRANDER,
ALTMAYER,
SIEBEL,
} Guests.

IN THE WALPURGIS' NIGHT, OR MAY-DAY EVE.

WITCHES, OLD AND YOUNG.

WIZARDS.

WILL O' TH' WISP.

WITCH PEDLAR.

PROTOPHANTASMIST, SERVIBILIS, WITCHES, &c.

IN THE INTERMEZZO.

OBERON.

TITANIA.

ARIEL.

PUCK, &c. &c.

SCENE—*Faust's Chambers and College—Neighbouring Country—The Hartz Mountains—Brocken Hill and Blocksbery, &c.*

NIGHT.—A lofty vaulted, narrow, gothic chamber, FAUST is seen, seated at his desk, much excited.

FAUST.

HAVE I, alas! Philosophy,
Med'cine, and Jurisprudence,
And, O most sad! Theology,
Studied with perseverance,—
Now to be foiled, and know no more,
Poor heated fool! than I did before?—
Master, and Doctor I am dubbed, 'tis true;
Have led for ten years, in public view,
Upwards and downwards, and awry as I chose,
My simple scholars by the nose—
And now to find out that we nothing can know,
Is a brand to my brain, to my warm heart snow!
True 'tis! I've more tact than the conclave of loobies,
Scribes, doctors, magisters, and clerical boobies;
Not tortured am I by forebodings of evil,
I fear neither hell, nor his worship the devil!
Therefore, is gladsomeness torn from me quite—
Conceit of being able to ken things aright—
Conceit, that I ever shall know how to teach
What might proselyte man, and put joy in his reach;—
Nor have I gold, or house and lands,
Or honour, such as rank demands!

Such a life with good-will, no dog would endure!
I have therefore gone over to SORCERY'S lure,
To try, if by power of mouth and mind,
I cannot some secret worth knowing find:
That so, I no more with anguish and pain
Compelled be to preach, what I shun to maintain;—
That I may find out, how the pond'rous Earth
Adheres to its centre—and what gave it birth—
Behold how "cause" with "effect" still accords,
And be no longer a *trader* in words.

Oh that thy beams, fair MOON! did take a peep
For the last time on my sorrows deep;—
Oft at this desk, I have quailed my brain
The midnight through—but quailed in vain,—
When o'er my books and papers, THOU!
Wouldst show thy pensive, friendly brow.
Oh that I might but calmly tread
In thy pure light the mountain's head;
Round mountain caves with spirits glide,
Or float o'er fields, in thy waning tide:
From all my knowledge qualms befreed,
Bathe in thy dew—and feel relieved!

And do I suffer still control
In this cursed brick-and-mortar hole?
Where the bright light of Heaven but gains
Admittance dull, through painted panes—
My space curtailed by heaps of books
That worms do gnaw, and dust beclouds;
Piled to the vault, their learned *looks*
A smoke-discoloured paper shrouds—

Bottles and boxes—vile aggressors!
Stuffed full of things of little need,
The legacies of predecessors;
This is *thy* world—a sorry world indeed!

And dost still ask, why thy poor heart
Fear-shrunk, within thy bosom quails?
Why an inexplicable smart
Life's pure affection, so curtails?—
For Nature's garden loveliness
Where God placed man 'midst social tones,
To live with smoke and mustiness,
Beast skeletons, and dead men's bones!

Away! and tread the ample land;
This Book of Mystery at thy side
Written by NOSTRODAMUS' hand,
Shall be thy full, efficient guide!
Then shalt thou know the planets' way;
And when by Nature rightly taught,
Then shall thy powers of soul display
How mind with spirit barters thought.
These hallowed tokens forcibly declare,
'Tis vain for thee to stay, and study here.
Spirits! that float around in air,
Answer me!—if my voice ye hear.

He throws open the Book, and contemplates the MICROCOSMUS.

What rapture flows at this first glance
Through all my senses, all my reins!
I feel youth's hallowed high-day trance
Re-glow, throughout my nerves and veins.

Was it a god this sign portrayed,
That it mine inward tumult stills,—
That it my heart with gladness fills,—
That it with hidden sympathy
Nature's pure energies unveils to me?
Am I a god—to feel so mental clear?
Oh I do see in these fair lines displayed
All-working Nature! 'fore my soul arrayed—
I comprehend at length the SAYING of the seer.
"The world of spirits is not locked,
"Thy mind is shut, thy heart is dead.
"Up, Scholar, up! and bathe unshocked
"Thy earthly bosom in the morning's red!"

He meditates on the Sign.

How all things interweave—and nothing fails:
Each in each other work and live:
The heav'nly faculties move up and down, and give
From hand to hand, the golden pails!—
Laden with blessing-breathing freights
Each heavenly wing—earth penetrates
Attuning all;—the WHOLE harmoniously reverberates!

O what a Sight! yet 'tis but the eye-ball's lure,—
Where shall I clutch thee, illimitable Nature?
Embrace thee where?—Ye Springs that life contain,
On which the very heavens and earth depend,
To YE my faded bosom would ascend:
Ye flow, and satisfy,—and shall I pine in vain?

He hastily turns over the Book, until his attention is arrested by the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.

How otherwise am I affected by this sign!
SPIRIT of the Earth! thou'rt to me nigher:

Already do I feel my powers mount higher!
I glow, as had I quaff'd new wine!
My courage soars the world to dare,
Earth's sorrows and earth's joys to bear—
With storms to buffet it about,
And in the shipwreck's crashing bear me stout!—

Clouds are gathering o'er me—
The moon withdraws her light—
The lamp's obscured!
It smokes! red rays do flash
Around my head.—
From the ceiling a chillness sinks
That grapples me!
Invokéd Spirit! I do feel thy approach!
Reveal! reveal thee!
Ha! how my heart tugs!—
To fresh sensations
Are all its palpitations!
For THEE, my heart is rife—
Thou must! thou must!—e'en should it cost my life.

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He grasps the Book, and pronounces mysteriously the SPIRIT's sign—a reddish flame appears.—The Spirit manifests himself in the flame.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Who calls on me?

FAUST *(turning his head away.)*

Terrific vision!

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Powerfully, thou hast drawn me near:
Thyself, long nurtured on MY SPHERE!
And now—

FAUST.

Alas, I dare not look on Thee!

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

With panting supplication thou didst seek to behold me,
My voice thou wouldst hear, my countenance see—
I grant thy soul-agonizing desire,
And am here!—what abject fears conspire
To unman thee? Where is that soul so great?—
The breast, that did a world create,
Carry, and foster, that with high joy tremblance
Did swell at thought of OUR resemblance?
Where art thou? Faust!—He whose voice sounded
Throughout my realms with power unbounded!
Art thou he? who but atmosphered by my breath
Tremblest on the threshold of death—
A frightened, writhing, pathway worm!

FAUST.

What! shall I shrink from thee, VISION OF FLAME,
No, I am he!—thine equal—FAUST my name!

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

In the storm of deeds, in life's constant flow,
Up and down I wave,
I sail to and fro!
Am birth, and grave—
An eternal ocean—
A changing motion—
A glowing life.
At the ever-buzzing loom of Time weave I,
A living garment for the Deity.

FAUST.

Since thou dost range the earth from pole to pole,
I'm with thee, busy spirit!—am of kindred soul.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Thou dost resemble only such as thou canst understand,
Not me! [*disappears.*

FAUST, *much confused.*

Not thee?—
Who then?
I, that am the image of the Deity,
Not *worthy* to compare with thee?

A knock.

O Death! I know 't!——it is my Familiar—
Doom'd are my splendid Hopes—my high career!
Alas! that the *fulness*, of the flame-clad Vision,
Should thwarted be, by th' sapless SNEAKER'S intercision!

Enter WAGNER, in his dressing gown and cap, with a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns reluctantly towards him.

WAGNER.

Your pardon, Sir,—methought you were declaiming,—
You read, I think, a Grecian tragedy?
To profit by that art I should be aiming,
For as times go it worketh mightily.
I've often heard the saying praised—" In speech,
" The player may the parson teach."

FAUST.

Yes, should the PRIEST an actor be,
Which happens sometimes,—certainly.

WAGNER.

Ah, WE, Sir, who do pass recluse existence,
Who see the people scarcely on a feast-day,
And then but as 'twere through a glass at a distance,
How by persuasion can we teach the way?

FAUST.

If YOU don't feel, you cannot hunt them up—
What does not spring from the very soul,
And you with pristine earnestness develop,
Will ne'er the public mind control.
In vain you sit, and patch, and study,
Re-hash the ragout, and higher season,
And puff till your ashen-heap the body
Emit a blaze! and the fretful flame then
Blow on your gaping congregation;
The wonderment of fools, and children,—
If your gums water for such approbation!
You'll never heart to hearts draw nigher,
If in thine own heart germins not the fire.

WAGNER.

But declamation is a sov'reign charm!
I feel I lack *that* power to warm.

FAUST.

Seek, I advise you, Sir, the better gain!
Be not a clap-trap tinkling fool!

Sense, and good doctrine to maintain,
Needs little rhetoric from the school—
And when with fervency you would speak out,
Have you for words to beat about?
That declamation, you so dazzling find,
Is fraught with gew-gaws—and the heart deceives;
It is unvivifying as the wind
That whistles through th' autumnal leaves.

WAGNER.

Ah me! Science requires much time t' attain,
And longest life, "is short and vain;"
Yet do I feel, when studying deepest,
For head and bosom, much distrest.
'Tis difficult I ween t' obtain the means
To reach those SPRINGS that never dry;
And ere half-way the beacon sheens,
Must the poor-devil, droop and die.

FAUST.

Are mouldy parchments then, the holy wells
Which have the waters that all thirsting stills?
Refreshing draught thou ne'er canst know,
Until thine own heart overflow.

WAGNER.

Your pardon! but I find it Sir—instructive
Into the spirit of past times to dive,
To measure foregone SAGES' stretch of thought,
With that, which we so *far* have brought.

FAUST.

Aye! to the very stars, so high! so vast!
My friend, the TIMES that have rolled past,
Is a seven-sealed book of doubtful dates—
What's called "the spirit of the times" inspected,
Too often proves the spirit of some Potentates,
In whom the "times" appear reflected!
And then it is a pitiful affair!
From which the mind recoils at the first view—
A rubbish-bin—a lumber-room—
A state, and a municipal decree or two,
With some, *rare*, pragmatic maxims,
Such as a puppet's mouth beseems!

WAGNER.

But the world! man's heart and mind, I trow
Would all more closely know—that is my aim.

FAUST.

Yes, what the million calls—"to know"—
Who *dares* to give the child its proper name?
Those few who something may have learnt,
Not keeping knowledge from the crowd concealed,—
Who feelings and researches honestly revealed,—
Have, in "all times," been crucified or burnt!
Excuse me, friend, the night is almost spent—
We will break off the conversation.

WAGNER.

Oh, I could stop till early morn content,
Might I prolong such learned dissertation:

To-morrow, being glad Easter Sunday—
Permit me, Sir, some queries to propound?
I've studied earnestly—without allay;
And much have learnt—the *whole* I would expound!

FAUST *alone.*

How from the head, Hope never wholly fadeth!
But ever to some airy castle clings—
She, digs with anxious hand for golden things,
And joys, if worms she finds to trade with!
Dared then a mortal voice intrude its sound
Where Spirit fulness, circled me with day?
For once I feel kind thanks unbound
Towards THEE—poor single-hearted child of clay!
Yes, thou didst tear me from a hopeless fate,
Just when despair my mind would overturn;
The visioned Form! was ah, so giant great,
That I, my pigmy size might well discern.

I, the image of the Godhead! oh, sad reality—
I thought me near the mirror of eternal Truth,
Myself participant of heavenly light, forsooth!
Stripp'd of thy hated coil—Mortality!

I, more than Cherub—whose free power
Through Nature's veins already 'gan to flow
And to create—a heavenly life to know
Felt worthy—how quickly comes the penance hour!
One thunder-word has swept my dream away!
With THEE, myself I peril not to measure—
Though I constrained thy coming at my pleasure,
Yet had I not the power to force thy stay.

In those delightful moments of existence
I felt myself so small—so towering great!
Yet didst THOU spurn me with harsh vehemence
Back to the uncertainty of *man's* estate.
Who will instruct me now what shun, or when refrain?
Shall I obey the SPIRIT's tyranny?
Alas, our utmost doings, as our passive pain,
Serve but to hedge life's brief epitome.

The brightest gifts, SOUL hath from heaven received,
Are crowded on by strange, and basest stuff;
And having all the world holds *good*, achieved,
That BEST partakes of cozenage enough!
Our birthright's dower, the noblest sensations,
Are all benumbed by earthly avocations.

FANCY, that once with clipping wings
And buoyant hope, the Eternal followed—
Finds that but little space her circuit rings,
When joy on joy, in Time's abyss is swallowed.
CARE, quickly nestles in the blighted heart,
And there she works the hidden ling'ring smart:
Restless she cradles—troubling joy and quiet,
Bedeck'd in many masks—to mask the more her riot.
Whether as house and land, or wife and child appearing,
Fire, water, sword, or poison!—her power such is,
We shrink from that which never touches,
And what we never lose—for that the eye is blearing.
The gods? I liken not to *them!* too sure that truth is found:
More to the *worm* that blindly trails the ground,
Who seeking in the dust the food it craves,
The traveller's footstep overwhelms, and graves!

Are not the lofty walls, wherein I'm closed,
With all their hundred layers, of *dust* composed?
And *dust*, the frippery and foolery
That in this moth-world, so oppresses me?
HERE shall I seek to find the *food* I want?
Shall I perchance a thousand volumes scan,
To know that we are doomed to quail and pant,
That, *here* and *there*, has lived a happy man?

Why dost thou grin at me, grim empty SKULL?
Is't that *thy* brain like mine mistook its way?
Seeking for noon-day, in the twilight dull—
Lusting for truth, went wretchedly astray?
My INSTRUMENTS, forsooth! must mock me too:
Cogs, cylinder, wheels, strap, and screw—
I'm at the gate! ye, should the keys be; dolts!
Your *beards* are shaggy, but ye heave me not the bolts.
Mysterious even at full day—her veil,
NATURE permits not to be drawn or ta'en;
That, which she will not to our minds reveal,
No power of screw, or lever, can obtain.

Ye OLD UTENSILS! nothing worth to me,
Ye're here, because ye served my father's turns:
And thou, old SCROLL, must sojourn smokily
So long as on my desk the sad lamp burns—
Better hadst spent thy *little* in rude riot,
Than burthened with that little, fume and fret:
What thou hast heired if proving of no use,
The holding is a burthen, and gives pain—
To hoard up lumber, is a sore abuse;
THAT which the present need supplies, alone is gain!

O'er yonder spot, why hankers thus my sight?
Surely that flask a magnet's influence hath—
Why feel I all at once so spirit-light?
As wood-benighted man, when moonbeams lamp his path.

Welcome, thou matchless FLASK! I greet thy friendly face:
With care I hand thee from thy resting-place—
I honour thy contents, acmé of art and sense!
Sweet opiate of the gorgeous poppy flower—
Thou deadly essence of its subtle power!
Now prove upon thy master, thy benevolence.
I see thee—and my pain of mind decreases;
I clutch thee—and my craving almost ceases.
My soul's high flood-tide ebbs out eagerly—
I am bound, for the boundless ether sea!
The glassy waters shine beneath my feet!
And a more splendid day, hails me new shores to greet.

A fiery chariot, borne on pinions bright,
Approaches me!—I am prepared—inclined
To seek a path through Ether's realms of light,
To spheres of pure activity, and MIND.

Whence is this high-aspiring, godlike exaltation?
But now a *worm!*—can this be thy desert?
Yes! turn upon the sun of this creation
Undauntedly thy back—boldly assert
And proof thy darings—lay the portals low
Past which all BEINGS willingly would sneak.
Now, is the time, by mighty deeds to show,
That angel power 'gainst human-worth is weak.

Before that dusky cavern not to shake,
Where restless Fancy dooms herself to quail,
To force yon passage, and not quake
Around whose mouth hell's flames assail,
Calmly that step I dare: resolved to explore
Even at the risk to flow, and be no more.

Come down, thou much-prized CRYSTAL CUP—
Forth from thy time-worn dingy *envelope*—
On thee for many a year I have not thought:
Oh, thou wert wont to sparkle at my FATHER's feasts,
Gladdening the spirits of the moodiest guests,
When passed from hand to hand with wine befraught.
Thy EMBLEMS quaint, rich with the graver's skill,
The quaffer's duty, rhyme-wise to explain!
The effort in one breath thy bowl to drain!
Recal those youthful nights, of frolic and good-will.
Not to a neighbour would I hand thee *now*,
Nor run my wit against th' engraver's plough.

Here is a JUICE, that quickly will enthral—
With the brown stream I fill thy curious bowl—
That which myself prepared, that, I select withal:
And be this parting draught, with all my soul
A salutation to the morn's high FESTIVAL!

He places the Goblet to his lips.

Bells at a distance ringing-in Easter. Choristers heard singing the Easter Hymn.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Jesus is risen!
Joy to fallen man!

For the corruptible,
Houseless, driven,
Want heritable
Son of man,
Is changed—up-risen!

FAUST.

What deep-toned sounds!—what silv'ry melody
Draws from my lips the cup, with hallowed power?
Proclaim those Bells the blesséd psalmody
Of the EASTER-FESTIVAL'S first hour?
And do the Choristers, already chant the soothing song
That erst around the tomb so loudly rung,
When angel-lips the proved "new covenant" sung?

The Hymn continued.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Sweet with spices and myrrh
We made him;
And in the sepulchre
We laid him.
With clean cloths to bind
Swathed we our "dear,"
And now we find
Christ no more here!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is up-risen,
Rejoice, ye beloved!
He—the heart-breaking
Salvation-working
TRIAL, has endured!

FAUST.

What? seek ye me—ye powerful, ye clement,
Ye heavenly sounds! even in the dust?
O let your sweet notes swell, where softer hearts frequent:
I hear your tidings—but th' account distrust—
That wonder is faith's darling infant.
To reach those spheres, my striving has no motive:
There may the message sound a blessed truth—
And yet those tones, familiar from my youth,
Call me, methinks, e'en now, again to live.
A time there was, when heaven's love-kiss fell
On ME, when Sabbath stillness hallowed all;
Then with a thrilling awe, I heard the minster bell,
And solemn prayer was joy devotional!

An indistinct, but pure desire,
Led me to woods and meadows lone;
There, under countless tears of fire,
I felt a world spring up, that seemed my own.
This SONG announced my youth's more sportive games,
The spring-tide holiday, and free rejoice;
Now Memory, with childhood fondness, claims
That I should stay my rash resolve—sweet voice!
Prolong, prolong that heavenly strain!
My tears gush out—Earth has me back again.

The Hymn continued.

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Has the entombéd One
Ascended to heaven?
The living exalted One
Gloriously risen?

Is He in worthiness
Joy-giving near?
Alas! *we* in earthliness
Still sorrow here!
Left He his own
Suff'ring with us behind!
Ah! we bemoan
Master, thy peace of mind.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen
Forth from corruption's lap,
Your fetters are riven,
Be joyful and clap!
Him loudly naming,
His love proclaiming,
Brotherly dwelling,
Preach ye him travelling,
Salvation revealing!
For YOU is the Master near,
For you is he THERE!

OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS.—Holiday Folks of every description strolling out of the Gates for the Country.

JOURNEYMEN MECHANICS, SHOPMEN, &c. &c. in parties and single.

FIRST JOURNEYMAN.

Whither bound, that way?

SECOND.

We give the " Jägerhaus " a turn to-day.

FIRST.

We go to the Inn upon the hill.

A SHOP APPRENTICE.

Take my advice—let's to the " Water-mill."

SECOND.

'Tis a bad road, you know.

SECOND JOURNEYMAN.

And where art thou for?

A THIRD JOURNEYMAN.

I go where th' others go.

A FOURTH.

Let's all to Burgdorf—we're sure of there
The prettiest girls, and the best of beer,
And bang-up battling!

A FIFTH.

What, madcap! hast forgotten thy thrappling?
Does th' hide itch again, for thou knowest what!
The name's enough for me—it makes one hot.

[*Exeunt.*

A SERVANT GIRL.

I shan't!—I'll back to town—don't teaze!

SECOND SERVANT GIRL.

Come, come, we'll find him 'neath the poplar trees!

FIRST SERVANT GIRL.

Marry come up! and what th' better should I be,
To see him coaxing of you, and slighting me?
He'll dance with none but you upon the deals.
Fine sport, indeed! to see *you*, kicking up your heels.

SECOND SERVANT GIRL.

This time he's not alone, but brings his handsome friend
Young "Curly-poll!"—will that your temper mend?

[*Exeunt.*

A STUDENT.

Zounds! how those buxom wenches step it out,
Come, let's o'ertake, and toddle 'em about—
A flagon of strong beer, good pungent tobacco,
And a trig lass—is pastime, *comme il faut.*

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS approaching.

THE FIRST.

Do look at those two Students, Emily,
Is it not shameful that such youthful blades,
When they might have our genteel company,
Should thus be following servant maids?

SECOND STUDENT.

Don't hurry so! behind us come on two
Jauntily dress'd in bonnet, silk, and fur;
Faith! one's my neighbour's daughter, who
I rather like—I often chat with her.
They're coming on, at quiet pace,
Let's walk with them, and drop the servant chase!

FIRST STUDENT.

No, no, I hate to be restrained;
Come stir your stumps! or th' game will blink us.
The hand that yesterday the broom sustained,
Lacks not to-day, the cunning to caress! [*Exeunt.*

TOWNSMEN, WIVES, &c.

FIRST TOWNSMAN.

I don't half like our new Mayor's management,
Since he's in power he's grown quite insolent;
And for the town's weal, what's he done for that?
Why worse than nothing——made trade flat;
Yet we like fools submit, and quietly pay more
Than was demanded heretofore!

A BEGGAR, *singing*

Kind gentlemen, and lovely ladies,
With sumptuous dresses, rosy cheeks!
O cast on me your beaming blue eyes;
My poverty, my garb bespeaks—
Let me not plead in vain, I pray!
Those most enjoy, who give most freely.
This merry-tide when all keep holiday,
O make it a harvest-home to me.

SECOND TOWNSMAN.

There's nothing on a feast, or Sunday, I so like
As a good chat on war—and war's-array
At a distance, behind us, *there* in Turkey!
Where they fight, helter-skelter, sword and pike.
I like to get to the window, quaff a cup of Rhenish,
And see the vessels down the river glide;
Then homeward move, well-pleased and fresh,
Blessing our peaceful times—at eventide.

THIRD TOWNSMAN.

Neighbour, well said, I quite agree with you!
Let them crack pates, who take delight
In war—let them their battling pursue,
So that at home *we* find all right and tight! [*Exeunt.*

AN OLD FORTUNE-TELLER,

Following Freemen's Daughters.

Ay, ay, how smartly dress'd! Oh the young blood!
Lor! who can see, and not be in love with you?
You need not be so upish tho'! 'tis vastly good!
I know what ye want! and where they are had too!

A FREEMAN'S DAUGHTER.

AGATHA, begone!———I take especial care
To avoid that jade, where the public are;
Faith, on St. Andrew's night, she showed to me
My future sweetheart—bodily!

THE OTHER.

She showed me *mine* in a mirror-glass,
Soldier-like, with more audacious fellows!
I look about, and stare at all who pass,
But catch no glimpse of him, or such like clothes!

[*Exeunt.*

SOLDIERS, *one singing.*

Of castles with high walls,
Keep, and baronial halls—
Proud-minded beauties,
With haughty disdainful eyes—
I'd be surmounter!
Keen the encounter,
Glorious the prize!

To the trumpet's tirah!
We march into action,
Some to huzzah!
Some to destruction!
Comes on the storming hour
Hurry, and din!
Maidens and tower
Are sure to give in!
Bold the endeavour,
Glorious the pay!

And the brave soldier
Marches away. [*Exeunt.*

FAUST and WAGNER strolling towards the Country.

FAUST.

From Ice befreed, are brooks and river,
By genial Spring's reviving sheen;
The vales have donn'd Hope's favourite green;
And hoary Winter, with his feeble shiver,
Has crept to the mountain caves in spleen,—
From whence, in showers of bootless spite,
He shakes the streaky hailstorm wide,
Spring's early, young, green tints to hide:
But the warm sun endures not, *white.*
HE, reigns o'er vegetation forming, and striving,
All in bright colours vivifying:
And as no beauteous flowers to bloom give omen,
He decks the scene, with smart-dress'd men and women.

Now will we turn our backs on these fair heights,
To where the TOWN the eye invites—
Forth, from its dismal cave-like gate
Behold, what groups do emigrate,
Willing this day, to sun themselves abroad—
They celebrate the resurrection of the Lord!
For they are themselves uprisen, of all grades;
From mean houses, and smoky apartments,
From the fetters of factories and trades,
From the stifle of high roofs and battlements,
From narrow streets and back settlements,
From the Church's venerable night,
Are they all brought unto the *light!*

See! how the buoyant crowds their mirth display,
As through the garden-grounds and fields they stray;
Behold on the river's breadth and length,
The light skiffs traverse playfully;
And yon last craft, fraught to its utmost strength,
Now hoists its canvas for the distant sea.
Even on the mountain path distinguish we
Gay coloured dresses—spanglingly!
Already do I hear the sounds of village mirth;
THERE is the lowly people's heaven on earth—
They are content—and heart-felt gladness know!
Here am I MAN—here *dare* I be so!

WAGNER.

With you, reveréd Sir, to stroll about
I feel an honour—and instructive.
Thus far, alone, I, had not ventured out,
Holding rude sports as morally destructive—
That fiddling, skittling, bawling, striving,
Is in mine ear discordant ringing;
They bawl, as 'twere the Evil One a-driving,
And call it merry-making—call it singing!

PEASANTRY beneath a Lime Tree.

SONG AND DANCE.

To dance the Shepherd swain put on
Coloured jacket, wreath, and ribbon,
Trigly was the wooer dress'd.
The crowd beneath the LINDEN tree
Already danced right merrily,

Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
No fiddle-bow had rest.

Quickly he stepp'd to join the dance,
And nudged a maid, as if by chance,
With his elbow cunningly.
The buxom maid turn'd round, and said,
" That find I woefully ill-bred,"
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
" You are uncouth I see."

Yet for the dance he gets her plight;
They foot it left, they foot it right,
And furbelow mounts to knee.
They soon wax red, they soon wax warm,
When breathless, resting, arm-in-arm,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Elbow, and hip agree.

" Don't be so very sweet," said she,
" Ofttimes a simple lass like me
" Has paid for such like frolic!"
Yet, did he coax her step aside.
Whilst from the lime-tree sounded wide,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Squeaking and fiddlestick.

AN AGED PEASANT.

High-learned Sir, 'tis kind of you
Not to disdain us on this day,
But seeking out, poor simple folk,
In CAP and GOWN, do hither stray;
Therefore from this our *bonniest* mug,
Which we with sparkling fresh-drink fill,
We beg you quaff, and 'tis our hope
" That it your thirst not only still,
" But that each drop may prove a day
" Added to your life, for aye!"

FAUST.

I take th' enlivening draught with pleasure,
Wishing you " Health in ample measure!"

AGED PEASANT.

Sooth, sooth, it is right bravely done
To seek us on a—FESTIVAL,
For times long past when you came here
A deadly SICKNESS spread o'er all;
Many who now around us crowd,
Your father, when disease most raged,
Snatched from the burning fever's hand;
'Twas HE the pestilence assuaged!
You then a comely stripling were,
And sought each cottage-hospital;
Corpse upon corpse we carried forth,
But you came out, Sir, purely well:
Where danger threaten'd, you were by;
Helped was our HELP, by the HELPER on high!

ALL THE PEASANTRY.

Health be to Him, whom heaven heeded,
That he may help again when needed!

FAUST.

To HIM on high be bowed the head,
Who teaches how to help—and sends the OIL, and BREAD!

[*Exeunt.*

Fields.—WAGNER and FAUST.

WAGNER.

Exalted man! what must thy feelings be,
To hear from multitudes such grateful praise?
He must feel happiness, whose gifts can raise
Such thankful plaudits honestly!
Proudly the father showed thee to his heir;
All ask, and run, and crowd, with eyes in quest;
The fiddles stop, the dancers rest!
You move—in rows they stand and stare,
And every bonnet waves i' th' air!
It wanted little, they had bent the knee
As to the *Venerabile!*

FAUST.

Yet a few strides and we shall reach yon stone,
And there we'll rest us from our wandering.
HERE sat I ofttimes, deep in thought, alone,
And quailed myself with prayer and penancing.
Brim-full of hope, in faith o'ertowering,
With tears, and sobs, and wild hand-wringing

I thought the *stay* of that awful pest,
From heaven's mighty Lord to wrest!
How now like satire sounds their pëan!
Oh, couldst thou in mine inmost read
How little sire and son
Deserved such meed!
My FATHER was a gloomy, honourable man,
Who, Nature in her hallowed circle sought
Uprightly—but on his own strange plan
With great laboriousness of thought.
He in society of more adepts
Within his laboratory locked, explored,
And after proof of diverse precepts
The " opposites" together poured.
There was RED LION, a bold lover,
In tepid bath to the LILY married,
Then both the fire flame over,
From *this* to *that* bride-chamber hurried.
If thereon showed in colours varied,
The young Queen in the glass recess,
That was the ANTIDOTE—the patient took and died:
And no one asked, " who *convalesce*."
Thus did we, with our infernal electuary,
Sweep off the valetudinary,
More sure than the pest on its worst days!
To thousands, did I, the poison give;
They dwindled, died—yet must I live
The MURDERER, to hear their praise!

WAGNER.

How canst thou on *such* score, so cherish grief?
Does not a worthy man enough,

Who conscientiously prepares the stuff,
And promptly visits those who need relief?
If thou as youth, thy father didst revere,
So wert thou pleased his knowledge to receive;
If thou as man mak'st science still more clear,
So can thy son with more effect relieve!

FAUST.

Thrice happy he, who still can cherish hope
From this o'erwhelming error-sea, t' emerge—
Alas! for what we do not know, we ever grope,
And what we know we find no will to urge!
But let us not the joy the present brings,
Mar with sad thoughts—on saddest things.

Behold! how the glow of the setting sun
Gleams on yon COT, begirt with trees;
He moves, descends—the day is done!
He hastens to revive th' Antipodes.
Ah! that no wings are mine to mount, to soar,
To follow in his wake—and all explore.
Clothed in his everlasting evening rays,
I then should see the still world 'neath me glow;
Serene each valley, every height a blaze:
The silver brook, in golden streamlets flow.
No rugged hill, nor ravine with delays,
Could then obstruct my godlike course!
E'en now in mind the sea and its warm bays
With my astonished eye discourse!

But, lo! the GOD is fled, and twilight wraps the whole.
Yet the new impulse wakens up my soul!

I fly to quaff his everlasting light!
Before me day—behind me coming night—
Heaven o'er my head—beneath my feet the sea!
A pleasing dream—but HE has fled from me!
Alas! the wings of spirit will not stay
Their flight, for hobbling wings of clay.
Yet is it born with every creature
To soar, and forward press and pant—
As o'er us, lost in the cloudless azure,
The warbling lark trills out her chant;
As o'er the mountains' jaggy pine trees,
On pennons broad the eagles roam;
As over hills, and plains, and inland seas,
The heron strives for distant home.

WAGNER.

I too have had my hours of discontent,
But such desire my mind did ne'er present;
Although the eye may tire of field and brook,
Yet to a bird-like flight I never felt inclined:
Far otherwise one's borne on th' wings o' th' mind,
From page to page, from book to book, —
So, are indeed long winter nights well spent:
Such mental living warms the very thews!
And should one chance on a CURIOUS-PARCHMENT,
'Tis as if Heaven descended with glad news.

FAUST.

As yet *one* impulse hast thou felt—so well!
O never strive to know another.
Alas, twain souls within MY bosom dwell,
That struggle hard to quit each other!

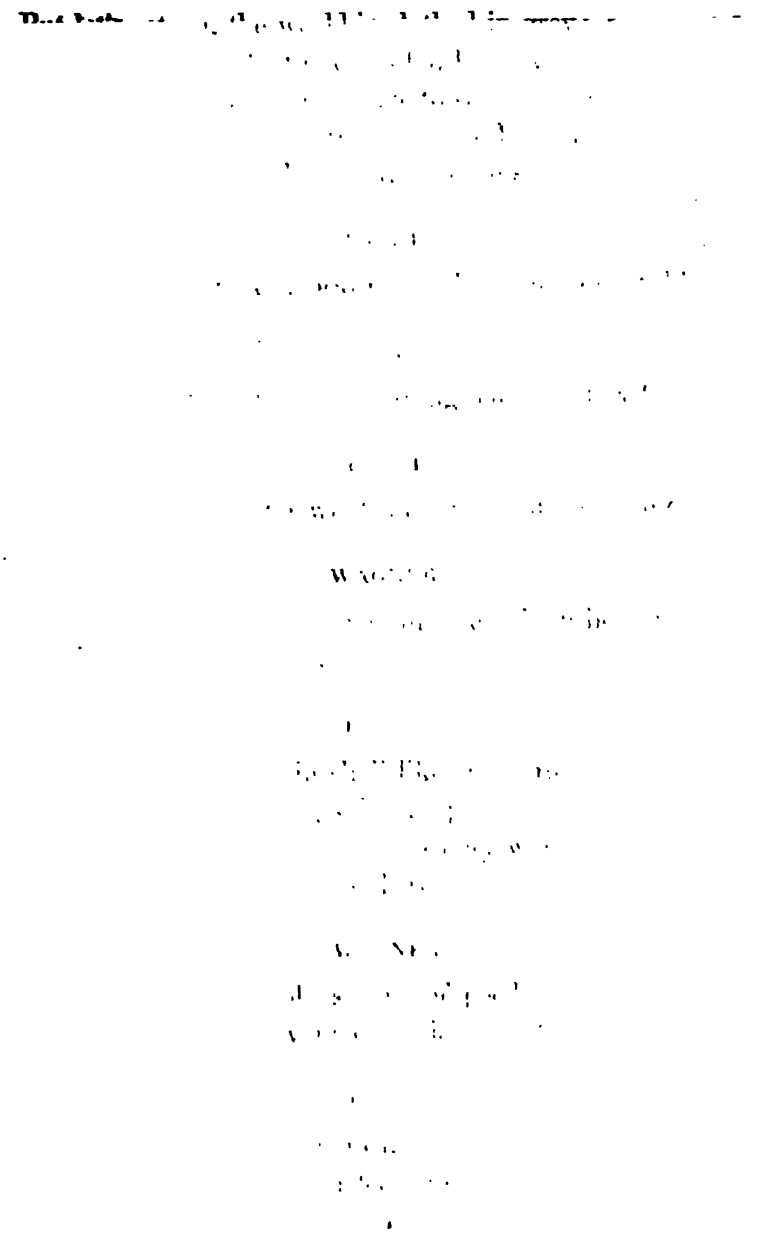
The one, with lusty, sensual desires,
Grapples the world with keen organic claws!
With all its might the other one, aspires
To the bright fields of high progenitors.

If there be SPIRITS in the air
That ruling, float 'twixt heaven and earth!
From your bright ether-realms repair,
And to more, varied being, lead me forth!
Oh that a magic cloak were mine,
To bear me to some distant shore:
Than costliest robe I'd prize it more,
And cheaply hold, the imperial ermíne!

WAGNER.

Invoke not, Sir, those well-known SWARMS
That active spread through ether's space;
Oh, they collect a thousand harms
For MAN, from every wind and place.

The sharp-fang'd spirits of the NORTH
Wound thee with arrow-pointed tongues:
Those from the husky EAST, in drought come forth,
And sate them on thy labouring lungs:
From the hot SOUTH and burning deserts, some
Glow on thy skull, and scorch thy brain:
And those from th' WEST with genial showers come,
Only to deluge fields and thee with rain.
LIST'NERS they are! on mischief ever bent,
Very subservient, purposing to cheat;
They would appear as if heaven-sent,
And lisp like angels, when with lies replete.



But let's return, the world is clothed in grey;
The air grows cool: the dews fall heavily.
At evening-tide one feels a love towards home.
Why thus entranced?—thine EYE doth roam!
What can at nightfall cause that sense such trouble?

FAUST.

Seest thou yon BLACK DOG range thro' corn and stubble?

WAGNER.

Yes, long have seen!—yet nothing out of nature!

FAUST.

Look to IT well!—for what take you that creature?

WAGNER.

For a black Poodle dog, nought else, which bounds
Some worthy master's foot to trace.

FAUST.

Do you not see, how in shell-like spiral rounds
He beats—approaching still this place?
And, if I do not err, he draws a fiery wake
Behind him, on the path he leaves.

WAGNER.

I nothing see but a black DOG, of poodle make.
Perchance your eye, your mind deceives?

FAUST.

He seems to form, with MAGIC subtlety, a coil,
With which he plans our feet to toil!

WAGNER.

I see him doubtful, timidly beat round,
Having two strangers, for one master found.

FAUST.

The circles lessen!—now he's near!

WAGNER.

You see a *veritable* dog! no phantom here!
He whiffles, whines, and crouches homage,
And wags his tail—asking your patronage.

FAUST, *(caressing the dog.)*

Wilt be acquainted? Come, come here, hast reached the goal?

WAGNER.

With truth it may be said the beast is "*poodle* droll;"
Stand you but still, he's all attention;
You speak, he bounds with pure affection;
Drop somewhat, and he'll fetch it you again,
And take the water if you cast your cane!

FAUST.

Thou may'st be right—I do not trace th' induction
Of a spirit; all may be instruction!

WAGNER.

A poodle dog, when taught "good breeding,"
May merit, Sir, a wise man's heeding!
Let this your kindness prove, not choler,
He, the *young* STUDENTS' most accomplished scholar.

They enter the Town Gateway.

FAUST'S STUDY.—Enter FAUST, accompanied by a Black Poodle Dog.

FAUST.

RETURNED from fields and upland path,
Now under deepest night's control,
Presentiment of heav'nly wrath!
Awakens up our *better* soul—
Slumb'ring is every wild desire,
And hush'd are stormy deeds!
Good-will to man our thoughts inspire,
And holy love to God succeeds.

Be quiet, Poodle! why so restless grown?
What near the threshold dost thou sniff, or see?
Behind the oven lie thee down,
My softest cushion is for thee!
As in the fields by spiral coursing,
Jumping, and other tricks thou pleased'st,
So now from me take gentle nursing,
Right welcome! if a quiet guest.

AGAIN when in one's narrow cell,
The social lamp beams from the shelf;

Then in one's bosom all goes well,
And calm's the heart, that knows itself.
Reason again resumes her speech,
And Hope once more doth blow:
We long life's limpid streams to know,
The LIVING-SPRINGS to reach.

Do not snarl Poodle! at the blesséd tones that rise
Within me——now throughout my soul diffused!—
Will not the lout be still? Too often one is used
To find 'mongst men those who despise
What they're too dull to entertain:
To *them*, the good and beautiful! that mount the soul,
Prove troublesome, and they complain;
And will *this* hound, in union, growl?

Alas! I feel, despite my honest will,
Bosom-contentment, cease to rill!
Why must that stream so soon dry up,
And drought again my soul envelop?—
To mourn such change I've often had occasion,
Yet is not *that* without—a consolation—
We learn to value heaven's controlment,
And long for a Revelation—
Which no where burns more clear, more ardent,
Than in the Gospels of the Testament.
Methinks I'll turn to them, though late,
And honestly withal
The bless'd original
Into *dear* German faithfully translate.

He takes down the Greek New Testament, opens the volume at John, seats himself, and prepares to write.

'Tis written here, " In the beginning was THE WORD!"
How soon at fault!—who'll help me to the term inferred?
The " word" I can't of equal value prize!
I must translate it otherwise,
If from the Spirit I'm illumin'd—
'Tis written: In the beginning was, THE MIND.
Stop!—and consider well th' important line—
Lest thy rash pen should slur the term divine.
Is it then MIND, that planned and wrought, in happy hour,
All? It should be: In the beginning was, THE POWER!
Yet even whilst my pen's proceeding,
I feel I can't defend, *that reading*.
The Spirit helps! from doubt befreed,
Well-pleased I write, IN THE BEGINNING WAS, THE DEED!

If I'm to share the room with thee
Poodle—cease howling instantly!
That barking hard,
Restless *comrade*,
I'll not have near me!
Either I, or thee
Must leave the study.
All rights of hospitality I must suppress,
The door is open—free is thy egress.

What hideous form assails mine eye?
Nature can no such monster own!
Whether delusion, or, reality,
Gigantic is my poodle grown!
He rises up with strength and malignity!—
The beast has not canine affinity—

What apparition have we brought with us?
It now looks like the hippopotamus,
With frightful teeth and fiery eyes!—
So ho! I have thee in disguise!
For such a half-bred chick of hell,
Solomon's KEY, will do featly well!

SPIRITS *(in the corridor.)*

There's a prisoner within,
Keep aloof, don't go in!
Like the fox in a trap
He'll snarl and snap—
Look out! have a care!
Here hover, there hover,
Up-and-down, and over,
And he'll slip from the snare!
If to help him, ye know?
Leave him not in limbo!
For he has done us o'er and o'er
Good service heretofore.

FAUST.

First, the Beast to explore,
I'll use the saying of the FOUR;
SALAMANDER, glow;
NYMPHIDE, meander;
SYLPHIDE, wander;
KOBALD, labour know.

He who kens not
The elements, cold and hot,
Their dower,
And power,

Not as a Master inherits,
Command over spirits.

Vanish in flame,
SALAMANDER!
Together flow,
NYMPHIDE!
Shine with meteor glare
SYLPHIDE!
Show housely care,
INCUBUS! INCUBUS
Come forth! obey us!

None of the FOUR
Lurk in the beast's core:
He grins, and is quiet:
I've not *touched* him yet!
Now shalt THOU hear
Incantation more severe.

Art thou, Comrade,
A hell renegade?
Behold this sign,
Before which pine
The BLACK SPIRITS of the air.

It swells to bursting—it bristles its hair.

OUTCAST SPIRIT!
Canst thou read it?
The uncreated!
Unarticulated!
Flowing through heaven eternally,
Speared outrageously!

Behind the oven compelled,
'Tis to an elephant swelled!
'Tis filling the space—
It becomes vapour apace—
I forbid THEE ascending!
Crouch—thy master's foot attending!
Thou seest I threaten not in vain:
With *holy*-flame I will singe thee amain!
Await not sprite
The triple-glowing light!
Await not sprite
The strength of my art!

MEPHISTOPHELES, as the vapour subsides, advances from the oven dressed as a travelling student.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore the hubbub? what wouldst thou impart?

FAUST.

So THOU wert lurking in the Poodle's fur—
A vagabond Student!—the Casus makes me smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I do salute the highly-learned Doctor!
He kept me fiercely sweating all the while!

FAUST.

What is thy NAME?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question's not discreet
From him who so a Word despises—

Who spurning every show of cheat,
The *depths* of BEING—scrutinizes.

FAUST.

With such *notabile* as ye, 'tis not denied,
That through a *word*, may oft-times be descried
The qualities for which you are famed,
As when Destroyer—Fly-god—Liar, named.
Say, what art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am *a part*, of that MIGHT,
Which *evil* wills—yet brings the *good* to light!

FAUST.

What wouldst thou, by such riddle-expletives?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit, that ever NEGATIVES!
And so, with right;—for all that's been created,
Is only fit to be annihilated!
Ergo, 'twere better there had nothing been—
And in like manner, all that you call sin!
Destructiveness!—in short, what you, as *bad* lament,
Correctly spoken, is MY element!

FAUST.

Didst call thyself *a part*, and standest there a *whole*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I spake the bashful truth, no paltering cajole.

If Man, this little, WORLD-OF-FOOLS esteems
A whole! as he is wont in his waking dreams!
Then am I a part, of a part—which once was ALL.
A part of darkness, that gave birth to light—
That proud LIGHT! which now his mother NIGHT
Would rob of rank and space, with all his might—
But he may not succeed, strive as he will:
To MATTER he was join'd—and is so still!
He beams from MATTER—MATTER gives him radiance,
And MATTER curbs and hems his high career.
Therefore I hope 'twill not be long time hence
Ere MATTER and HE, together disappear!

FAUST.

O! now I see, what your high callings are—
You may not in the *masse*, destruction dare!
So by a nibbling process, you the thing assay—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faith! and there's precious little done that way!
For *that*, which out of nothingness was hurled,
That doubtful something—this plump, clumsy World!
Why against it, all that I have undertaken,
Has never yet, the mud-abortion shaken!
Despite my storms, waves, earthquakings, and brand,
There stands it after all—quiet by sea and land!
And then there's that curst *hatch!* 'clep'd man and beast;
For all, and every assault—*they* have a remedy!—
What lots of 'em have I not buried already!
And yet their numbers, daily do increase
And multiply—from pure vexation I could scold!—
Why there's the air, the water, and the earth,

Each of them, give to myriads hourly birth,
Whether in drought, or damp, or warmth, or cold!
Had I not FLAME reserved by dint of art,
I should have nothing for myself—*apart!*

FAUST.

So, the EVER-MOVING thou wouldst dare resist,
And 'gainst the elemental powers that wholesomely exist,
Raise up thy icy devil's fist,
Now clenched in bootless spite?
Some other project be thy avocation,
Strange, wondrous Son of chaos-night!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We'll weigh th' effect thou wouldst invite;—
And soon renew the conversation.
May I, for this time, take my leave?

FAUST.

I do not comprehend the question!
As we've become acquainted, I conceive
You're free to come and go, without obstruction.
There is the open door—and here the window.
Besides, the chimney's always at your service.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To act ingenuously—why you must know
I'm hindered egress, by a quaint device
Upon the threshold—that five-toed, druid spell!

FAUST.

Does then the Pentagramma cause you pain?
Aha! now tell me, mumming son of hell,
If bann'd—how didst the chamber gain?
Could such a subtle sprite be cheated in the main?
To subtlety like thine, can carelessness pertain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The chiselling's bad, if you observe it well!
The fifth toe there—that outward indexer,
Is at the point not closed.

FAUST.

Then has blind chance full-well disposed,
And thou art rightfully—my prisoner!
This is to me, a most unsought-for *win*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Poodle mark'd it not when he sprang in—
Matters are topsy-turvy turn'd by th' chouse:
Now, cannot the devil *get out* o' th' house!

FAUST.

But the casement's ope and free, thou know'st.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've a statute 'mongst us—that no devil or ghost
Depart by other opening, than they enter at;
Against all other *ways* there is a caveat,
And trespass constitutes us slaves.

FAUST.

What! has hell laws to punish knaves?

Excellentissimé!—then one may risk a compact
With you gentlemen?—that does my *will* unfetter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We keep *our* undertakings, to the letter!
You'll never find us swerve from contract!
All which I'll prove to your content,
Anon—when we have better opportunity—
So, for the present with much importunity
I beg, that you'll permit me to absént?

FAUST.

Spare your hurry!—I would first from you
A good hobgoblin story or two!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not now if you please—anon I will be back,
With stories that your sides shall crack.

FAUST.

I spread for thee no net with wily care—
It was thyself sought out the snare!
The saying goes, "De'il catch, de'il hold,"
Anon, the De'il may prove less bold!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If that's THY meaning! I must be content
With thy good company—but for amusement,
Wilt thou permission give that I display
My art?—that so, time worthily, does pass away.

FAUST.

With my good will, show all that thou art able,
Provided, *the all*, partakes of the agreeable!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In one short hour, thou'lt through thy senses gain
More pleasure unalloyed by pain,
Than in a year of plodding-life, 'tis possible!
What the inviting spirits to thee sing,
The beauteous pictures that they bring,
Are not mere juggling sounds and show!
Thy smell will be delighted—
And thine appetite excited—
Thy softest feeling, thrills of joy shall know!
With all rehearsal we'll dispense:—
Ye are assembled! Spirits, commence!

SPIRITS.

Vanish ye darkling,
Cloud vaultings away!
Alluring to view,
The friendly blue
Ether, display—
Were the darkling
Clouds, melted in kindness;
There starlets—sparkling
Suns of more mildness,
Beam a pure day!
Youths fair, and lovely!
And beautiful Peri!
Gracefully bending
Float over head—

Rapture and longing
Follow their tread—
Robes of bright colours
And flickering ribands
Cover the lands,
Spread o'er the arbours,
The blissful bowers
Where languishing lovers
Delight to retire—
Bower on bower!
The vine's fruitful fibre
Clust'ring grapes lower
Into th' recesses
Of crushing wine presses;
Whence in clear rills
The sparkling wine
Flows rippling delights
O'er gems that shine,
Leaving the heights
Distant in azure,
It spreads the broad lake—
Surrounding with pleasure
Knolls of bright verdure.
Birds from bush and brake
Sip bliss and on
To the realms of the sun,
Fly to the "*purple*"
Islands away,
That on the ripple
So'jugglingly play—
Where we in chorus
Hear pæans sonorous.

O'er the downs
Dancers appear—
In gallant debate
They all separate—
Some climb and mirth take
On the blue heights,
Some in the bright lake
Cooling, delights;
Others in ether glance,
Gladden existence,
Seek in th' remoteness
Of each lovely star,
Stellar,
Bland blessedness!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He slumbers! well have ye done, my gentle spirits!
Truly ye've lulled HIM—balmy sleep to know.
I am your debtor for such merits.
——THOU 'rt not the man, to keep the devil in limbo!
Surround him with a captivating vision,
And steep his active senses in delusion.

This threshold-spell to disunite,
Demands the aid of the grey rats' bite!
Which may not want long incantation:
For I hear one now, at his gnawing vocation.

The Lord of the rats, and the Lord of the mice,
Of the flies, and the frogs—of the bugs and the lice!
Commands thee come forth with sharp tooth and paw,
And the druidal fibe toes, on the threshold begnaw,
Here! where this delicate oil I drop.

See! see how he comes with a run and a hop!
Now, fresh to the work—the angle that bans me
Is that on the edge, the point bearing inwardly—
But one more good crunch! and the spell it is vain,
So!—FAUSTÉ, dream on, till thou seest me again.

[*Exit.*

FAUST *awaking.*

Am I once more the victim of delusion?
So, vanishes the fairy-like display?—
Have I but seen the Devil, in a vision?
And was it no Poodle-dog, that stole away?

THE STUDY.—FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? come in! who's here to plague me now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So THRICE must thou!

FAUST.

Well then, come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, hast thou spoken me fair,
We soon shall understand each other—
To chase thy whimsies like a brother
Am I, as noble Page come here,
Clad in a red gold-braided garment,
And cloak of silk, as stiff as parchment;
Moreo'er THE COCK'S, tail feather in my hat,
And eke a long Toledo small sword!—

I beg to urge the Doctor, that
His dress with mine does keep accord,
So that untrammelled, he may know
The joys, LIFE proffers here below.

FAUST.

Alas! in every dress I painfully
Must feel and brook, mortality's controul—
Too old am I for pastimes to console!
Too young—without *desires* to be.
What can the World for me ordain?
"Thou must forbear!—thou must refrain!"
That is the everlasting sing-song
That in *all* ears so loudly rings,
That our monotonous dull LIFE-LONG,
Each passing hour more hoarsely brings.

Morn after morn I wake affrightedly—
My bitter tears, would fain in torrents run
At sight of Day—that in its course for me,
No cherished wish may be fulfilled—not one!
Even th' anticipation of a pleasure,
Some obstinate o'er-niceness rifles:
And each outpouring of my breast, is sure,
To be annoyed by a host of trifles.
When for the weary, balmy night descends,
Foreboding ill, I stretch me on my bed,
No strength-restoring sleep, my couch attends,
For dreams of horror riot in my head.
The tyrant god, that in my bosom dwells
Can deeply shake my inmost soul—

He there enthroned, my ev'ry power compels,
But outward circumstance, he can't controul.
Thus is my *being* burthened, and unblest—
Death I desire—EXISTENCE I detest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet DEATH! is never *quite*, a welcome guest?

FAUST.

Oh, happy he! around whose brow i' th' VICTORY shout,
Death binds the blood-stained laurel wreath:
Or he, who from th' exhilarating dance and rout
Death overtakes—Love's canopy beneath!
Would I had sunk before the SPIRIT'S MIGHT!
Rapt! and exanimated passed away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And did not *some one*, on a certain night—
A certain "brown juice" fail to drink, I pray?

FAUST.

Thou seem'st ambitious of *a Spy's* renown?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Omniscient am I not—yet much to me is known.

FAUST.

If in those frightful, mental agitations,
A soft and well-remember'd air relieved—
If then, the remnant of my boy-sensations,
And sounds of happier days deceived!—

So do I now—Curse *all* that has the soul
With tempting bauble-work enwrapp'd,
And HER to this dull melancholy hole
With flatt'ring, juggling art, entrapp'd.
And foremost—Curséd be that high opinion,
Whereby the mind usurps dominion:
Curst be those dazzling, bland appearances
That force themselves upon our senses:
Curst be those fond delusive day-dreams
GLORY! and the cheat of a LASTING NAME!
Curst be whate'er possession seems,
As slave and plough—as child and dame.
Accurst be Mammon, when for treasures
To deeds of daring we are led!—
When for soft dalliance-pleasures,
He! spreads luxuriously the bed—
Curst be the grape's balsamic juice!
And curst the high delights of sense!
Accurst be hope!—accurst belief's abuse!
And, above all! Curse, light on plodding PATIENCE!

SPIRITS *unseen.*

Woe! woe! woe!
THOU hast demolished her,
The beautiful world!
With a mighty blow—
She fell, she is thirl'd!
A DEMI-GOD has destroyed her.
We carry
The fragments below:
We sigh
Over the lost Beauty!—

Mightier!
Than the sons of earth!—far
Statelier!
Re-form her—
In thine own bosom build her up again.
A new life there
Commence
With unclouded sense:
And a NEW strain
Shall fill the expanse!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

THOSE are the small-fry
Of my family!
Hark! how to WILL and DEED,
They judiciously plead!
Into the world's plenitude,
From thy solitude,
Where mind and juices stagnate,
They would have thee emigrate.

Cease then to nurse thine inward woe,
Which like a vulture, preys upon thine heart—
The worst society must make thee know
That thou 'mongst human beings art!
Far be it, Sir, from my intention
To class you 'mongst the common herd!
I am myself no potent lord—
Yet if thou willingly wilt make convention
With me, to tread LIFE'S flowery mead,
Then will I cordially accede

To be on the spot, thine *truly*—
Thy comrade am I,
And if I properly behave,
Thy Servant, and thy Slave!

FAUST.

But what return requirest thou from me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The "quid pro quo" admits of long reprieve.

FAUST.

No! no! the devil's too fond of self, I believe,
To do from impulses of charity
What, *others* may benefit—or feelingly relieve!
Speak out your TERMS, in language clear:
Officiousness from *some*, is ground for fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will to THY service, firmly bind me HERE:
At thy command know neither rest or quiet—
And when in the course of things we meet up THERE,
Then shalt thou, servant-like, obey MY fiat!

FAUST.

The "there" concerns me not—that feeling ceases
When once the world you've smashed to pieces—
I take no interest in the next one's riot!
Out of THIS earth flow all my joys!
It is this sun that witnesséd my "passion!"
And am I parted from *its* sweet decoys,
Then come what will—and in what fashion!

What NEXT one be, I'm not disposed to hear—
Or whether THERE, we love, and hate—
Or whether in that other sphere,
There be a high, and a low estate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus minded thou mayst safely venture
To close with me, and sign th' indenture—
Within few days, I'll give and show thee more,
Than ever mortal saw before!

FAUST.

And what canst THOU, poor devil, give to me?
Was ever soul of man, in its high destiny
Compassed by such *a thing* as thee?
True thou hast viands, that never satisfy!
Ruddy Gold, that cheating touch and eye,
Quicksilver-like, runs from the hands—
A Game, at which all lose their labour!
A Girl, who lying on my breast, demands
With wanton looks, the favours of my neighbour!
Honour! (that godlike guide to noble conduct)
Which like a falling star swift disappears!
Show me the FRUIT that rots before 'tis pluckt,
And TREE that daily, young green foliage bears!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am not scared at thy commission!
I have such treasures in possession!
But my good friend, the time comes quickly on
For quiet joys—we delectate anon!

FAUST.

If quiet on the bed of sloth you find me,
Then claim the bond without delay—
If e'er with fulsome praise you blind me,
So that CONTENTMENT I display,
Or e'er with glad enjoyments bind me:
Then be arrived my FINAL day.
Such are my terms!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

Rash be the penalty!
Or should I to the *present* say,
Tarry awhile—thou art so sweet!
Then may'st thou me in fetters lay,
I willingly perdition meet!
THEN, may the passing-bell appal,
Then art thou from THY service free:
The clock may stop, the index fall,
TIME! turn no more his glass for ME!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark well the terms! WE shan't the *words* forget.

FAUST.

Thou hast that right, undoubtedly—
Neither have I, o'er *rashly* made the bet!
Do what I will—slave must I be!
If thine, or another's—gives me no disquiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day, at the "Doctor-entertainment" will I,
As your attendant, service do—
But first, that the compact have validity,
I must request a line or two.

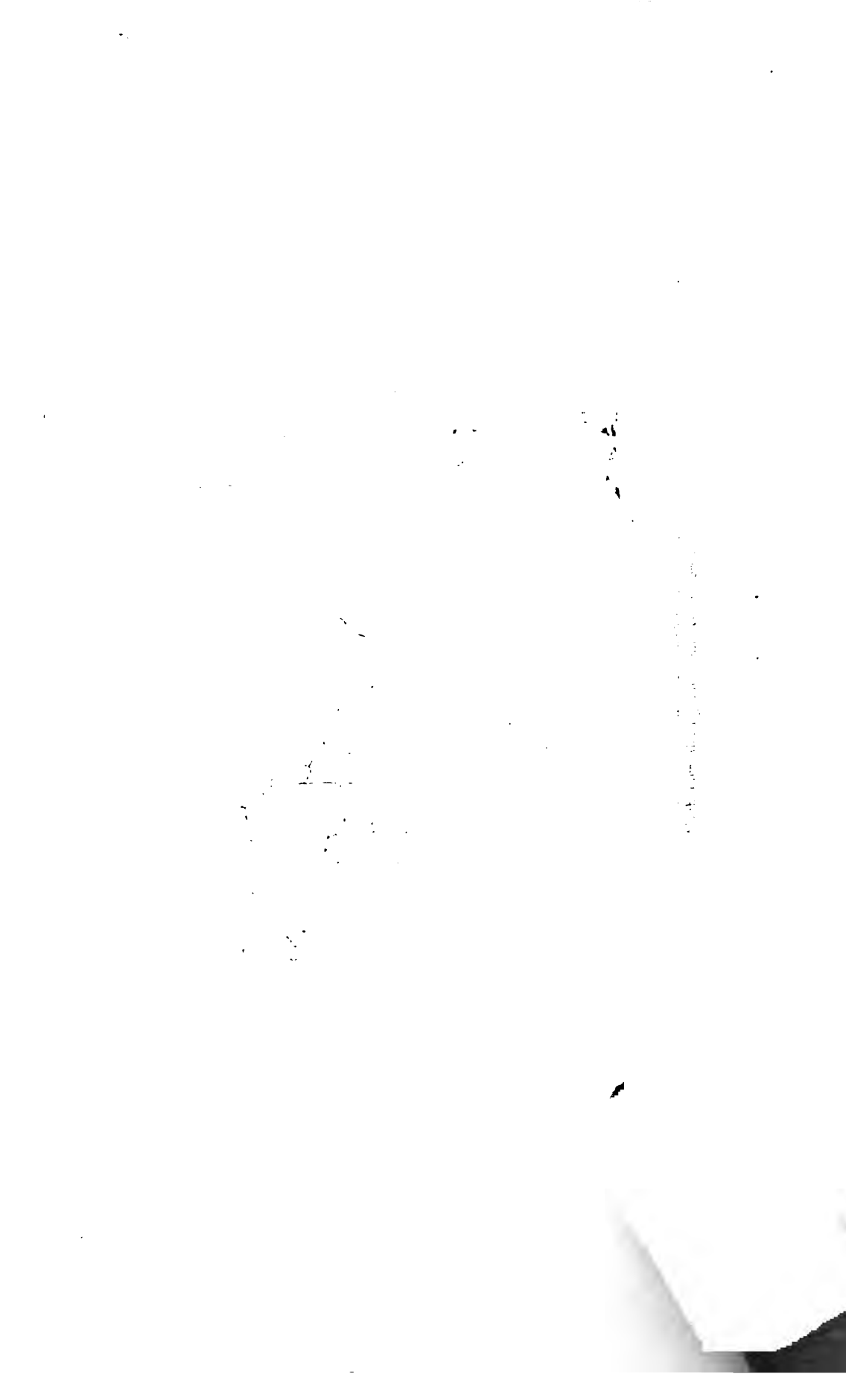
FAUST.

What? Pedant! thou wouldst have a scrawl to correspond?
Hast never known a man who makes his WORD his bond?
Is't not enough that I have pledged my word,
Which ever with my life shall keep accord?
The frantic world sweep down all lets, with torrent force,
Yet may a *promise* stay my course!
The opinion's deeply planted in the heart,
Who from such pledge would *willingly* depart?
Happy that breast! wherein pure truth's revealed:
No sacrifice for Honour it holds dear—
But skin of Parchment 'grossed and sealed
Is a ghost! from which *all* shrink with fear—
The word of honour dies in the feather—
The *lordship*, rests in the WAX and LEATHER.

But say, keen Spirit! what wouldst have withal,
Parchment or paper—granite slab, or metal?
Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write?
Thou'rt free to choose—so make selection.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why dost thou mar our conversation
With bursts of anger and of spite?
Any mere scrap of paper's good,
If signed with blood!



FAUST.

If that will satisfy thy doubting mind,
Even so, be the bauble undersigned.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood! is a special juice with the Avower!

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I the contract break—
The strivings of my utmost power
Tally exactly with the bond I make.—
I've been of late too much puff'd up, and find
I only classify with such as *you*—
Me, did the Spirit of the Earth eschew!
And Nature veiled herself from my ambitious mind:
My thread of thought is snapp'd in twain,—
All knowledge-search, has long since caused me pain.—
In the depths of sensuality
Let us our raging passions still!
And with mysterious magic skill
Give to *your* wonders, quick locality.
Dash we, into the rushings of time!
O'er the waves of occurrences climb!
So may pain, and enjoyment,
Success, and discontent,
Chop and change, as they can;
Restless! restless! must be the doings of man!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For you no bound is fixed—no measure—
Taste you may of every thing,

On the ground, or on the wing—
Grateful be your every pleasure!—
Embrace the proffered—be not coy!

FAUST.

Now mark me! I did not speak of joy!
I'm for the hurly-burly—the painfullest sensations,
The luxury of hate—spirit-stirring vexations.
My breast, of the press of study healed,
Against no sorrows closed shall be,
And all that's of the "lot-of-man" revealed
Shall be experiencéd by me—
My soul the heights and depths, would know
Of mortal's weal and woe!
That so, in *myself* ALL comprehending,
They, with myself, do make one ending.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Trust ME—who many a thousand year
Have chumped, and chewed, that food in earnest,
That from the cradle to the bier,
None could the hard sour-dough digest.
The Universe!—you may believe my story,
Was only made for a god's delight!
He finds himself in never-ending glory,
Us having brought to darkest plight.—
To YOU, he only doles out day and night!

FAUST.

Still I'm determined!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's to the thought!
Yet does it give me deep concern

That life is short, and you have much to learn,—
Somewhat methinks you might be taught!—
Give to some POET a pressing invitation,
And let his "frenzy" bursts, have welcome;
So that each noble qualification,
Be piled, on your high-learned cranium—
Such as the courage of the LION,
The STAG'S agility,
The fire of the ITALIAN,
The NORTHMAN'S durability.
Let him that mystery well define,
How cunning, and magnanimity combine!
And how, with the glowing blood of youth
You may love by th' scale—yet love in sooth!
Myself! might like to know such a genius,
I'd dub him Mister Microcosmus.

FAUST.

What am I then? if by no power of head or heart,
I e'er may reach that glorious dignity
Towards which my senses strive?—thy crown Humanity!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art after all——just what thou art!
Clap on thy pate, periwigs with curls innumerable,
Stilt up thy buskins high as thou art able,
Thou dost remain——but what thou art!

FAUST.

Alas! how vainly have I sought
To heap up treasures of the mind!
For now, that I've a *truce* with thought,
No new-born impulses, I find!

Not one hair's breadth in stature am I higher,
Or to infinitude, one problem nigher!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My worthy Sir—you view the matter
From a false point, as shall be shown:
Our project, we will manage better,
And that ere life's high-day is flown—
Why zounds! you must admit that hands and feet,
And head and hindermost, are thine;
Are novel joys that sweetly greet
For that cause—less thine *own* t' opine?—
Have I six stallions in my stable?
Are not their bones, and thews my own?
I gallop away! and feel as able
As if on twice twelve legs I'd grown!
Therefore take courage, banish thinking,
And where the world most throngs, dash in!
Who calculates too nicely, will be found
Like to a steer on a sterile waste,
Driven by a devil in *the round*,—
Whilst all beyond, is fodder to his taste.

FAUST.

But how proceed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We'll hasten our departure—
Is not this place, a place of torture?
And call you it tasting of life's joys,
To quail thyself—and a parcel of boys?
Leave that affair to neighbour STOUT!
Nor vex thee more, 'bout thrashing straw.

Thou knowest, the BEST thou hast cudgelled out
To teach the knaves—is 'gainst the law—
Methinks I hear one in the passage.

FAUST.

I'm not i' th' vein, for visitor so rough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The lad has lingered long to tell his message,
'Twere harsh the youngster to rebuff!
Come, lend me your cap and gown a bit,
The mask will suit me well enough!

He puts them on.

For all besides, I trust my mother wit.
Some quarter of an hour I require,—
Thou canst in the meanwhile, for our trip attire.

[*Exit* FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES *alone*,

Fully dressed in FAUST's Cap and Gown, seated, and significantly following him with his eyes.

Do thou, despise but Reason, and high culture,
Those mighty props of human nature!
And be confiding in the magic merit,
And jugglery of the lying spirit!
Then have I thee without condition.

Withdrawing his eyes—pause.

The Destinies have given to him a soul
That breaks all bounds, to reach perfection!
His breathless haste to gain the goal
Makes him o'erleap, Earth's sweet refection.

But I will drag him through a life of tumult,
Over stale flats of mawkish equability,
Then let him sprawl, gape, cling, and be at fault.
And for his restless insatiability!
Before his greedy lips I'll juggling viands play,
And for restoratives!—to the winds he may pray.—
Faith, were he not the devil's by agreement,
Perdition! were his due allotment.

Enter A SCHOLAR.

But now arrived—I cast me at your feet,
Being hither come a learned man to greet—
With filial awe to enter on my studies
Under HIM, whom the world so highly praises.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your open courtesy delights me much,
You see in me, ONE, amongst many such:
But have you made the requisite inquiry?

SCHOLAR.

Sir, I'm content if you take charge of me!
I'm come with a stout heart you'll find,
Full of sound health, and purse well lined.
My mother did'nt half like my errand—
I would become right learn'd!—off-hand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then have you found this spot, quite apropos!

SCHOLAR.

I am also anxious to get back, you must know,

For these old, gloomy looking Halls
Are not agreeable—neither are the high walls.
Every room and place, feels circumscribed to me—
Here one sees nothing green—not even a tree!
And when on the benches in the room for lecturing!
I feel, as if I'd lost, thought, sight, and hearing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom, young man, will make all right,—
'Tis the same with the babe, and mother's breast;
At first the lactic boon, is not caress'd,
Anon, it feeds with ardour and delight:
So it will be with you, on Wisdom's bosom,
Her nourishment will daily prove more welcome.

SCHOLAR.

About her neck I willingly would cling!
But how get I my wishes on the wing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In the first place, you must communicate to me
Which of the FACULTIES you choose to be.

SCHOLAR.

I'm desirous to become right learnéd, Sir,
To know 'bout what's on the earth, and i' th' air,
And in the heavens, and in the sea;
In fact, about all the Sciences—and Natural History!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then are you on the scent, maugre all doubt;
But you must study—and not waver about.

SCHOLAR.

Deep study, is my soul and body's bent!
Yet should I now and then incline,
To take a little freedom, and amusement,
When Summer festivals prove fine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time flies apace—you must improve the hour!
By discipline—time's often in our power—
Then my young friend, I counsel you
To keep Collegium Logicum in view,
So that your mind be aptly trained—
Being as 'twere in Spanish boots constrained:
And thereby circumspectly brought
To move along the "course" of thought—
Not following a freakish, dodging career,
Be Will-o'-th-wisping-it, here and there!—
Then will you be taught, many a day,
That THAT which, by a nimble process, your own way
You've oft accomplished, with eating-and-drinking facility,
Requires regular positions—as one! two! three!—
True 'tis, the fabric of the mind
Like to the weaver's masterpiece, his LOOM, you find;
Where one "*step*" actuates a thousand threads—
The flowing yarn, the flying shuttle leads
With magic fleetness to and fro;
And a thousand combinations mark the "*blow.*"
Then in walks the philosopher, and gives you to know
That matters of necessity *must* be so—
That position ONE, being so—and TWO so:
The THIRD and FOURTH must be so and so!

And that were it not for the *first*, and *second*,
The *third*, and *fourth*, could not be reckoned!
Yet has not scholarship, that mighty knowledge-lever,
Any where that I have heard of—*turned* out a WEAVER!

Who would a subject ken, and lively write about,
Must take care, that he leave not the ANIMUS out—
Otherwise he will have the integrals in hand,
Wanting *(only!)* the spiritual band.
CHEMISTRY calls it, "*encheireisin naturæ*,"
Mocking itself!—unwittingly.

SCHOLAR.

I can't say that I fully comprehend you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your perception, will have improved by next interview!
Now having been taught to make skilful deductions,
And in classifying, having had instructions—

SCHOLAR.

Already does my head feel 'bout the whole matter,
As were a mill-wheel in it, making a clatter!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then, before you study other "icks,"
You must enter on a course of METAPHYSICKS—
Minding—that with profound and penetrating wit,
You compass—what no skull would ever fit!
For that which *will*, and that which *won't*, therein go,
An astounding word must be apropos.
But first of all—at least for half a year,
You must to strictest discipline adhere—

Five daily Lectures, punctually attend,
And be always in the room as the clock strikes, my friend!
Having well prepared yourself before,
And conned your paragraphs, o'er and o'er,
Thereby the better to observe
If the Lecturer, from the subject matter swerve.
And be you attentive, to take down *all* in writing
Correctly—as were the angel Gabriel inditing!

SCHOLAR.

You will not need to repeat advice so welcome!
I can well think, that what you say is right,
For that which one has down, in black on white,
With perfect safety's carried home.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But as I said before, you must select a FACULTY!

SCHOLAR.

To JURISPRUDENCE, I have great antipathy—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot blame you for approaching IT with fear,
Knowing as I do, that in that study, things go queer,—
LAW and RIGHT, are entailéd on, and on,
Like to a disease, from FATHER to SON,
Descending so from race to race:
They gently move from place to place.
Reason is 'clept nonsense—Benevolence vexation!
Woe unto thee, if thou hast only a grandchild's expectation!
Alas! the inherent rights of human nature
Are never mooted—in our judicature.

SCHOLAR.

You've strengthen'd my disgust—and fix'd it faster—
Oh, happy Student! having such a master!
THEOLOGY! I'm more disposed to assay—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Far be it from me to counsel you astray—
But as to that deep branch of learning!
'Tis so easy the right path to lose,
And in IT, there is so much poison lurking
Which resembles medicine—that 'tis hazardous to choose.
I should advise your taking—ONE Magister's ipse dixit,
Swear to what *he* says—and stick to it!
To sum up—hold fast to *words*, at *any* rate:
Then will you surely pass the safety gate
Into the Temple of Certainty!

SCHOLAR.

But words should have a meaning, as well as sov'reignty?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So good; but one must not be too particular,
For even then, when *meaning's* neither here nor there,
A word judiciously well-timed, will be your warranty.—
WORDS, are the very soul of disputation:
On *words*—systems have their *firm* foundation:
Words are excellent to pin belief on;
From *one Word*, no IOTA may be taken.

SCHOLAR.

Your pardon, Doctor! if I now appear
Inquisitive, and trouble you again!

I wish respectfully, as touching MEDICINE,
Some of your pithy arguments to hear!
Three years will quickly glide away,
And learning's field is wide they say;
A finger-post, methinks, assists
To guide through mazy paths, and mists.

MEPHISTOPHELES *aside.*

Enough of this dull pedant cant!—
I shall give him a touch of devil's rant.
aloud.
The spirit of MEDICINE is right readily caught,
If the *great*, and *lesser* world, you study as you ought—
For I must say, that in the long-run, all diseases
Stop or go on, as God Almighty pleases!
'Tis useless to hunt about, for increase of knowledge,
Since few know more, than they were taught at college;
He who the "present moment" knows to scan,
He is the proper man!—
That you're well framed, is not to be denied:
And that you have a dauntless mien is true—
If therefore on yourself you can confide,
Others will place, confiding trust in YOU.

But, above all things, study the women to please—
Their everlasting ahs! and ohs! their hot and cold!
So thousand-fold,
Are all from one point, to be cured with ease,
Which known,—and putting on a frank, half-honest air,
You may (as 'twere under a hat) all of them snare!
A TITLE assuredly gives weight, and makes potential,
Proving, that your skilfulness is past a doubt:

And for welcome! touch boldly on matters non-essential,
In a way, that others would be years fumbling out.
Their little pulses finger tenderly!
And handle, with a cunning animated eye,
The taper waist!—pressing it with gentle might,
To be *officially* convinced, they have not *laced* too tight!

SCHOLAR.

That gives me hope!—one sees the why and wherefore?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Misty grey, my dear young friend, is Theory!
But green, grows Life's golden tree!

SCHOLAR.

I swear all this is, as 'twere a dream to me!
Dare I hereafter trouble you, kind Doctor,
More, from your wisdom-wells to draw?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What I can do, I'll do móst willingly!

SCHOLAR.

I cannot leave without the gratification
Of having offered you my album!
Sir, may I hope for such a signal mark of approbation?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Certainly!

He writes in the Album, and returns it.

SCHOLAR *reads.*

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

He closes the Album, and retires respectfully.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only *you* follow that OLD SAW, and my Maternal Aunt the serpentess,
Will some day put you in bodily fear, for your "Godhead likeness!"

Enter FAUST.

Now! whither shall we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whither you think fit!
We'll see the *lesser*, then the *great* world visit—
O with what joy, and with what profit!
Thou'lt skirmish 'bout our revel-circuit.

FAUST.

But with this long, scholastic beard,
I lack the manners, of the gentle herd:
I never wished their votary to be!
The gay world was not made for me!—
Where worldlings haunt, I always felt embarrassed,
Distressed—and by *their* fashions harassed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Collegiate *starch*, my friend, will *give:*
Trust to yourself—you'll soon know how *to live.*

FAUST.

But how may this trip be set afloat?—
Where hast thou horses, servants, coaches?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread our mantles out,
And through the AIR we swim like roaches:
Nought must our daring trip impede—
Of scrip or bundle, you've no need.
A little gas, which I'll bring forth,
Will gently lift us from the earth;
And being light, we quickly rise.—
DOCTOR, my greetings! on your fresh-life enterprise.

AUERBACH'S WINE CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

A Company of Merry Topers.

FROSCH.

Will none of you drink?—no laughing faces?
I'll teach you anon, to cut grimaces!
You were all wont, to blaze away,
But burn like mouldy straw to-day!

BRANDER.

The fault is thine—thou bring'st no relish,
No tom-foolery—not anything swinish!

FROSCH.

Pours a glass of wine over Brander's head.

Well then!—there's both!

BRANDER.

You swine! call you that fun?

FROSCH.

Wasn't it thy wish, that I should be one?

SIEBEL.

Out! out with the chap, who rows with his drink!
" Chaunt Runda! Drink boys! and your glasses chink,
" Up! holla! ho!"

ALTMAYER.

Cotton! cotton! some cotton here!
He'll burst the drums of my ears, I fear!

SIEBEL.

When the vaulted roof returns the sound!
Then *feel* we the Bass's depth profound.

FROSCH.

Bravo!—he that won't joke, is a sorry loon,
A! tara! lara da!

ALTMAYER.

A! tara! lara da!

FROSCH.

Our windpipes are sound, and our voices in tune!
" The holy German Romish empire,
" How is it kept, so long entire?"

BRANDER.

That's a nasty old song! pfui! a political satire!
A scurvy song—may'st thy stars thank I swear,
That thou'st not for the Holy German Empire to care—
As for myself—methinks I'm a right lucky esquire,
To be neither the Emperor, nor Great Seal of th' Empire!

But *we* must have a commander, so I hope
You'll proceed *instanter*, to elect a " Pope."
You all of you know, what should be the qualification
Of him, whom you raise to that high station?

FROSCH *(sings.)*

" Up! up! dame nightingale! hark the chimes!
" Come greet me, my lovely, ten thousand times."

SIEBEL.

No mock, doxy serenading if you please!—I won't have it.

FROSCH.

Greet, and kiss, for my girl! *you're* not th' HE, to forbid it!
" Up! up! with the bolt, by the stillness of night!
" Up! up! with the bolt—my love's eyes burn bright!
" Down! down! with the bolt—when Phœbus gives light."

SIEBEL.

Ay, ay, bawl and bepraise her with all your might!
Soon laughter's with us, so prithee grin on—
By the nose she led *me*—she'll nozzle YOU, anon!
I would that a Kobold the hussey waylay,
And rifled her wares, on some lonely crossway;
Or he-goat, returning from Blocksberg right keck,
Salute her with a gallop, and mec, mec, mec!
A hale young fellow, of good flesh and blood,
For such a vile hussey is far, far too good!
So I'll sanction no greetings, of that flirting lass,
But such as go, smash! through her casement glass.

BRANDER,

Thumping the Table.

Attention! attention! gentlemen attend to me—
You all know, that I know, something of civility;
Some Lovers are here, and may therefore expect,
According to courtesy, custom and etiquette,
That the eve be enliven'd by a volunteer from me!
And so, Gentlemen! I'll give you a brand-new song,
And do you all take up the chorus—clear and strong!

He sings.

" There once was a Rat, made her nest in a cellar,
" She lived upon nothing, but fat bacon, and butter,
" By dint of such living, she waxed quite obescular,
" Just like our brave doctor, fat Martinus Luther!
" Now the wicked old cook, spread some poison about,
" Which gave her the cholic, and puff'd her hide out,
" As were, young Loves, within her!

ALL IN CHORUS.

" As were, young Loves, within her!

BRANDER *continues.*

" She galloped up here—and she galloped down there,
" Swizzled slops, till she almost was bursted;
" She bit, and she gnawed, and she scratch'd every where,
" But nothing would do—so she thirsted.
" Her anguish was great, she gave many a spring,
" Till at last overpowered, she felt, poor dear thing!
" As were, young Loves, within her!

ALL IN CHORUS.

" As were, young Loves, within her!

BRANDER.

" Tormented!—she came, when the sun shone out clear,
" Bounce into the kitchen, forgetting all fear;
" Tumbled down on the hearth, and fell a-kicking,
" And sneezing, and puffing, and twitching—
" When loud laughed the pois'ning, greasy old cook,
" Quoth she, ' You've enough on't, if I judge by your look,'
" As were, young Loves, within her!

CHORUS.

" As were, young Loves, within her!"

SIEBEL.

What's got into, the boorish fellow's head?
'Tis a most notable feat to be sure,
For poor Rat! a deadly poison to spread.

BRANDER.

Of course!—*you* are sorry, and mourn for her!

ALTMAYER *to* SIEBEL.

What ails, old bald-pate tallow-belly?
Miss Rattee's sad case, has becalm'd the elf!
Does he verily see in her end-melancholy,
Portrayed the ending of himself?

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

I have felt it incumbent, Sir, on me
To bring you straight-way, into this company;

That so you see, how life may glide withal—
With this folk—every day is a festival!
With a little wit, and little *will* to please,
They twirl about, life's circle-dance with ease,
Like sportive kittens chasing their own tails—
Unless sick head-ache overmuch prevails.
So long as the Host, with th' account don't scare,
So long are they joyous, and free from care!

BRANDER.

I'll wager, those gents have come off a journey!
One may see that, by their manners and dress;
They've not been an hour in town, I should guess.

FROSCH.

Faith and you're right!—but good old Leipzig for me!
'Tis a miniature Paris—and turns out polished people!

SIEBEL.

Who are they, and what are they!—canst tell?

FROSCH.

Let me tackle 'em with a bumper of tipple—
I'll soon make the gentlemen open, and supple,
And their secret draw out—pat as periwinkle.
About them, there seems a splash of nobility,
A sort of stand off!—uneasy they appear to be!

BRANDER.

They are Market-barkers, and no more, I lay!

ALTMAYER.

Perhaps!

FROSCH.

Mark how I'll twist it out of them, I say!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Too blind are such-like folk, to give the "view holla,"
Even had the Devil hold of them by the collar!

FAUST *to the company.*

We greet you, Sirs!

SIEBEL.

Our greetings in return, and our thanks to't.

Aside, casting an eye at MEPHISTOPHELES.

What!—does the fellow halt o' th' foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

May it be permitted that we join you, friends?
And for good wine, which we can't get,
Your sociability shall make amends!

ALTMAYER.

You are methinks fastidious in your diet?

FROSCH.

You quitted RIPPACH rather late perchance?
Did you take supper first, with MASTER HANS?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We passed this time, without alighting,—
On a late occasion he was more inviting;

And talked a deal 'bout Leipzig friends!—
Salutations to his cousins!—by us he sends.

Bowing to FROSCH.

ALTMAYER *(aside.)*

Knapp'd it!—he's wide awake!

SIEBEL.

He's a knowing chap I see.

FROSCH.

Only wait a bit—*I'll* catch him presently!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sirs, if our ears did not deceive us,
We heard a scientific chorus?
SONG, comes well home to ear and feeling,
When sung beneath a vaulted ceiling!

FROSCH.

You're perhaps an *Artiste*, and would seek—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! though a friend to melody! my voice is weak.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If 'tis your pleasure—many.

SIEBEL.

A spick-and-span new 'un, would please the company!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From climate-favoured Spain, we are not long!
That land of beauties, wine, and song!

Sings.

" Once on a time, there was a King,
" Had a stupendous FLEA.

FROSCH.

Harkee! did ye catch that? a flea!
Faith! there's a natty guest for ye!

MEPHISTOPHELES *sings.*

" Once on a time, there was a King,
" Had a stupendous FLEA,
" Which pretty, darling, skipping thing,
" As his own son loved he.
" He bade his tailor, to come forth,
" The schneider quickly came—
" And measured the flea, for a suit of cloth,
" With breeches of the same."

BRANDER.

It's to be hoped 'twas well dinn'd in his ear,
That he took accurate measure!
And as he loved his head, to be sure
That no crease, on the breech appear!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

" In velvet cloak, and silken hose,
" Like a prince, the younker shone;
" Ribands bedizenéd his clothes,
" And a cross was worked thereon;

"King's minister, full soon was he!
"And a star adorned his kittle,
"And all the fleas of his family,
"Became at Court great people.—
"Now the dukes, and the lords, and ladies,
"Who figured at the Court—
"And th' queen, and the bedchamber maidies,
"Were prick'd and bit for sport—
"None daréd to crack 'em, by day or by night,
"Nor even to hunch them away—
"But we catch 'em, and crack 'em outright!
"Whenever they come in our way!"

CHORUS.

"But we catch 'em, and crack 'em outright!
"Whenever they come in our way!"

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo!—sung with much taste and ease!

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate, of all the *race* of Fleas!

BRANDER.

We point with our fingers—and nick 'em so fine!

ALTMAYER.

Here's a bumper to freedom! and huzza for wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I should like a glass, Dame Freedom to honour!
Had our host, when Wine *stocking*, been more a *wine*-conner.

SIEBEL.

We'll not submit to hear such slur again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Did I not shun to give the landlord pain,
I'd treat this honourable company,
With some, from *our own* cellar—money free!

SIEBEL.

Here with it then! I'll take th' responsibility!

FROSCH.

Should the wine prove good, we'll laud your civility.
But let the sample-glasses be of capacity;
For when I'm "tasting wines," to tell the truth,
I like to feel it,—*full* in the mouth!

ALTMAYER *(aside.)*

They're from the banks o' th' Rhine, I discover!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here with a gimlet!—if thou art a wine lover.

BRANDER.

What can the fellow want with a bore?
No cask is here—or at the door!

ALTMAYER.

The tapster's tool-box is out there—make haste!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Takes the gimlet, and addresses FROSCH.

What sort of wine may you, Sir, choose to taste?

FROSCH.

How mean you that?—have you diversity?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To make selection, all of ye are free!

ALTMAYER *to* FROSCH.

You! would fain have the wine in jugs?

FROSCH.

Well! since I may select—I choose the wine
That comes from our *dear* country's pride—the RHINE!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Get me some wax! and make ye plugs!

He bores a hole in the edge of the table opposite to FROSCH.

ALTMAYER.

Jugglery! and nothing else—that's plain!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* BRANDER.

And what will you?

BRANDER.

I should prefer Champagne!
Right sparkling let it be.

MEPHISTOPHELES bores; in the mean time one of them makes the wax stoppers, and puts a plug into each gimlet hole.

BRANDER.

One must not always, foreign wares eschew,
Best things grow sometimes furthest off!

That a brave German hates the French, is true,
But Gallic wine, he don't object to quaff.

SIEBEL,

As MEPHISTOPHELES approaches him.

I hate acidities! with me they find no grace!
So give us a glass of somewhat sweet I pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES *bores.*

For you shall flow the rich Tokay!

ALTMAYER.

Come, come—now look me full i' th' face!
I'm up to trap!—you're only hoaxing us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fie, fie!—with such distinguished guests
'Twould be bad taste to play off jests!
Quick! tell me with unfalt'ring voice,
With what shall I *your* heart rejoice?

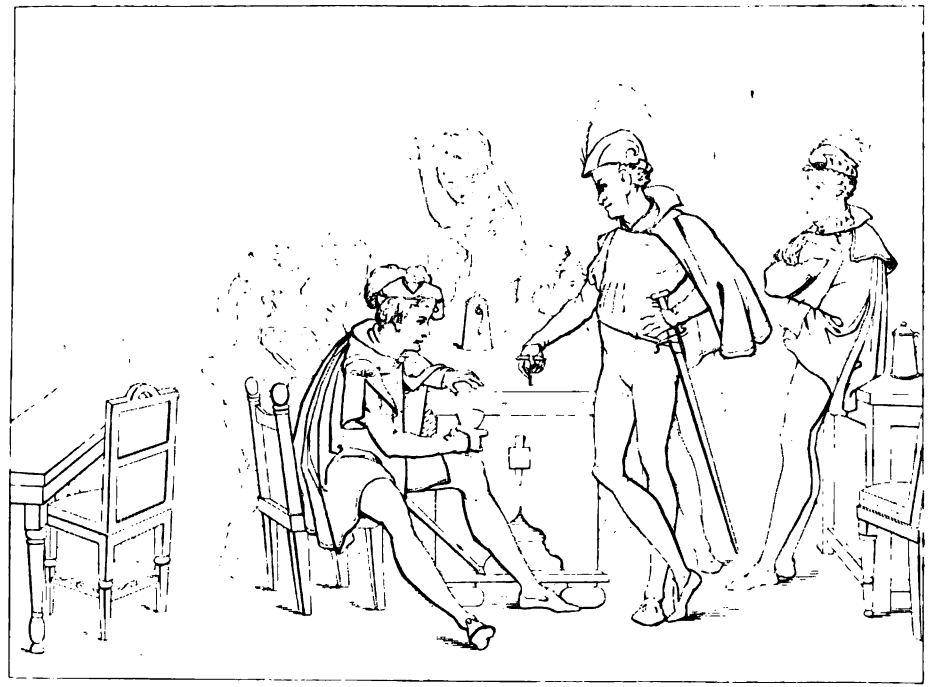
ALTMAYER.

Any! so it come quickly—I've no choice.

The holes being all bored, and plugged with wax,

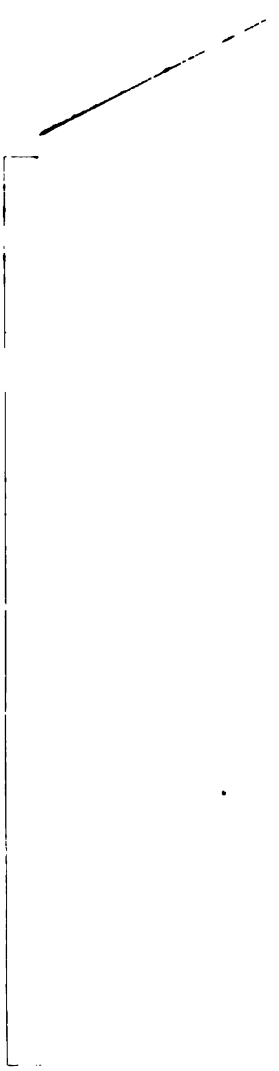
MEPHISTOPHELES, *with mysterious action.*

"Grapes, grow on the Vine-stock;
"Horns, grow on the Spring-bok;
"Grapes are juicy; yet of wood is the vine—
"Then why should not Table, spout forth wine?"
Deeply diving into nature makes things fit!
'Tis a miracle—if you put faith in it!



Draw stoppers! drink and glow!

ired wine flows into



Draw stoppers! drink, and glow!

They each draw their respective stopper, and the desired wine flows into the glass.

ALL.

Delightful springs!—how bright ye flow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be careful, that no drop ye overthrow!

They drink, and fill again.

ALL *singing.*

"We are right cannibálish well,
"As are five-hundred sows!"

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The chaps are *free*—see how they drink and glow!

FAUST.

I am much inclined to go.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, witness how their swinish going on,
Will show itself, anon!

SIEBEL,

Drinking slovenly, spills some of the wine, which immediately turns to flame on the floor.

Help! fire! help! hell's in a ferment!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to the flame.*

Calmly, calmly,—my friendly element!

Draw stoppers! drink and glow!

desired wine flows into

Addressing the company.

'Twas but a little purgatorial fire!

SIEBEL.

What do you mean? wait! shalt smart for this, esquire!
He must be made to know with whom he has to deal!

FROSCH.

Come that again, and *my* full wrath you'll feel.

ALTMAYER.

I think we'd better rid us o' them, *slick*.

SIEBEL.

What, Sir! and have you the audacity, Sir,
To play off your hocus-pocuses here, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still, old wine-cask!

SIEBEL.

Get out, you broomstick!
What!—slander me to the very nose?

BRANDER.

Wait a bit!—I'm here! with a shower of blows.

ALTMAYER.

He draws his stopper, and fire gushes out at him.

I'm burnt! I'm burnt!

SIEBEL.

A vile sorcerer!
Strike! strike! the vagabond's an outlaw!

They all draw their knives, and advance on MEPHISTOPHELES.

ith
me

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with much solemnity.*

Lying words, and lying faces,
Alter sense—and alter places!
Be here!
Be there!

They are all astounded, and stare at each other.

ALTMAYER.

Where am I?—O what a delectable land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! if I'm not deceived!

SIEBEL.

Grapes wooing the hand!

BRANDER.

Beneath this green retreat—
What stems! what clusters greet!

He catches hold of SIEBEL's nose with his left hand, and raises his right with the knife, as in the action of cutting off a bunch of grapes. The same happens to the others.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *as before.*

Error! thy bandage from their visions take!
See eyes! and know, that the devil can frolic make!

He disappears with FAUST—the others separate.

SIEBEL.

What's the matter?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER *to* SIEBEL.

And what I had in hand was thine, I suppose?

ALTMAYER.

It was a shock—that shook my reins!
Bring me a chair—I feel those fainting pains!

FROSCH.

Tell me!—what's all this been about?

SIEBEL.

Where is the chap? I fain would find him out,
In a whole skin, he'd get away no more!

ALTMAYER.

I saw him exit by the cellar door—
Riding upon a tub I'm sure!
Alas my feet are lead—I cannot go!

Turning towards the table.

Zounds! but I'll see, if Wine still flow!

SIEBEL.

'Twas hocus pocus, cheating, lies, and moonshine!

FROSCH.

Well! I cannot but believe, I tasted wine.

BRANDER.

But how was't, as touching the vintage feast?

ALTMAYER.

Who'll dare to tell me now, that miracles have ceased!

THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

On a low hearth is a large Caldron on the fire, containing some liquid: in the steam that ascends therefrom are seen various and strange forms of things. A Female Monkey is squatted beside the Caldron, watching that it does not boil over, and stirring and skimming it at times. A Male Monkey and two young ones sit near her and warm themselves. The ceiling and walls are hung with queer-fashioned witch-housekeeping utensils.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

I am disgusted with this cell of sorcery!—
And canst thou hope to give me convalescence
From aught pertaining to this waste of witchery?
What need have I, of Witch's sapience?
Can thing, proceeding from her beastly cookery,
Take thirty years from *my*, frail-man machinery?
If hence your pledge,—then woe's my plight!
For sanguine Hope has taken flight.—
What! could not Nature, aided by high mind,
A youth-restoring balsam find?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There you again, superior sense display!
Yes! Nature has pointed out a way!
But the prescription's in another book,
And is a marv'lous chapter! if you deign to look.

FAUST.

Then I would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! it is a recipe,
From lucre, art, and sorcery free—
Thou'st *but* to betake thee to the field,
And there the spade and pickaxe wield—
Keeping thyself, and vagrant mind
Within a circle, well confined—
Support thyself with unmixed food,—
Herd with the herd, as beast! and find it good—
Dunging thyself, the acres thou dost harvest.
That is the recipe!—and faith the very best,
To keep one young, for *eighty* years at least!

FAUST.

But I'm not used to labour on the land!
I cannot take the spade in hand!—
Besides, restrained existence, I abominate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then must we, Sir, the Witch propitiate.

FAUST.

But why, just this old *commissaire* of hell?
Methinks, thyself might brew the broth as well!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were indeed a dainty pastime
For me! who has built a thousand bridges in the time.

Science and wit, sufficeth not alone,—
The work demands the patience of the Crone!
'Tis *time*, that makes the fermentation strong.—
And then the ingredients that thereto belong
Are very strange and wonderful!—
The Devil 'tis true, did teach its bringing forth,
Yet cannot the Devil *brew* the broth!

Calling FAUST's attention to the Monkeys.

Behold! what a comely race they be!
That is the gentleman—and that the lady!

To the Animals.

It doth appear the Dame is out?

THE ANIMALS.

Gone to a "Feed!"
From the house, with speed—
By the chimney she went out!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long does she tarry at such "gnaws?"

THE ANIMALS.

So long as we do warm our paws.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

What think you of these delicate creatures?

FAUST.

Meanly! meanly! both as to mind and features.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so—their colloquy is short and able,
And to my thinking,—'tis delectable!

To the Animals.

Archly-wicked urchins! tell me what
Ye skim and stir i' th' pot?

THE ANIMALS.

We cook a *general* beggar soup.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then cook ye,—for a numerous group!

The Male Monkey approaches MEPHISTOPHELES wheedlingly.

THE MALE.

Come, throw me the dice?
To be rich would be nice,—
Let me win the pence?
I'm but badly off, crony!
But had I money
Then had I *sense!*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How joyful would this urchin be
To gamble in the lottery!

During this, the young Monkeys have been playing with a large Ball, and now roll it forward.

THE MALE.

That is the world!
With its ups and downs,
Its smiles and frowns,—
'Tis always rolling
Always changing—
It sounds like glass,
That's brittle!—alas,

'Tis a hollow thing!
It is bright here,
And brighter there!
Quick, and well am I!—
My darling boy!
Beware th' decoy,
For thou must die!
It is of clay
And will be potsherds some day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What means that sieve?

THE MALE *fetches it down.*

Wert thou a thief,
I should soon spy thee out!

He runs with it to the Female, and lets her look through it.

Look through the sieve!
Dost see a thief?
And dar'st not cry out?

MEPHISTOPHELES *approaching the fire.*

And this pot?

THE MALE AND FEMALE.

The stupid sot!
He don't know the pot;
He don't know the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rude—portraitures of man!

THE MALE.

Here,—take this fire-fan;
And sit down in the settle—

He coaxes MEPHISTOPHELES to sit.

FAUST,

Who during the talk has been standing before a looking-glass, advancing and retreating, with eyes firmly fixed on a female form therein displayed.

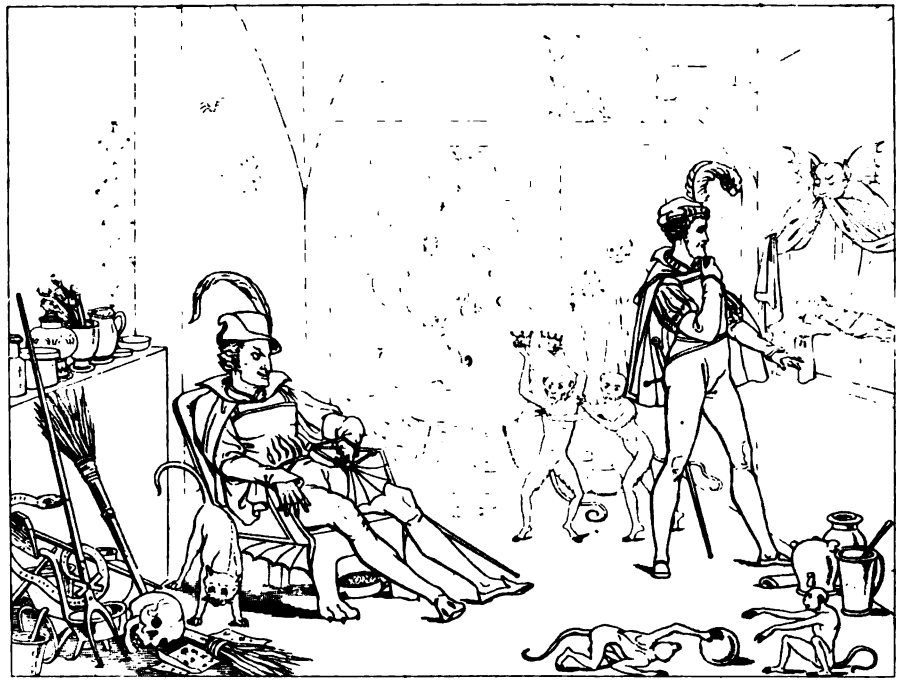
How passing fair!—SHE's of no mortal come!
Delusion to mine eye, the mirror brings—
Oh Cupid! lend me thy fleetest wings,
And guide me to her bright Elysium!
How is all this? do I but move a pace
Backward—or to advance persist,
Then seems a web of gauze-like mist
To veil, the paragon! of form and face.
Is it then possible!—can woman be so fair?—
I see in her, who slumbering lies,
The concentrated joys of all the skies!—
Has Earth, a daughter worthy of compare?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course!—for when a God, does six days quail,
And on the seventh, shouts bravo! hail!
A chef-d'œuvre! *must* the eye regale.—
For this time, thou may'st gaze thy fill,—
I such a splendid treasure can provide.
O happy he! whom the angry Parcæ *will*,
To bridegroom home, so fair a bride!

FAUST continues to stare in the glass. MEPHISTOPHELES seated in the settle, lounges and plays with the fan, then continues.

THE MALE.



Here sit I monarch-like upon a throne,
Sceptre in hand—I merely want a crown.

THE ANIMALS,

Who have all the time been gambolling about, and making all sorts of fantastical sport together, bring to MEPHISTOPHELES a crown, at the same time yelling vehemently.

O, do be so good,
With sweat, and with blood,
The crown to plaster;

In handling it clumsily they break it asunder, and jump about with the pieces.

What a shocking disaster!
We see, and we speechify,
We hear, and we versify;

FAUST *(still before the glass).*

Woe is Me!—I shall go frantic mad!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in reference to the animals.*

Zounds! I do feel my own head getting bad!

THE ANIMALS.

And if when we chime,
We start a sense rhyme,
Then 'tis a *bright* thought!

FAUST, *as before.*

My bosom's to ignition brought!
Let us away—this atmosphere's with madness fraught!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *seated as before.*

Well, well!—you can't but own my pretty pets,
Are guileless poets!

The Caldron, which the Female Monkey has neglected, boils over, and a tremendous flame ascends the chimney. The Witch descends amidst the flame, making a dreadful howl.

THE WITCH.

Ow! ow! ow! ow!
Accurséd damnéd sow!
You've neglected the kettle and singed the Vrow!
Curses light on ye!

Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who are these I see?
What are you there?
Whence come you here?
Who let ye i' th' cell?—
May the scorchings of hell,
In your marrow-bones dwell!

She dives the skimming-ladle into the Caldron, and dashes the flames over FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the Animals. The Monkeys flinch and squall.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Turns the fan, and falls to smashing the glasses and crockery with its butt end.

To pieces! to pieces!
See how the broths run!
Now here's at the glasses!—
'Tis only my fun!—
A time beating of mine,
Foul carrion!—
To that anthem of thine!

To the Witch, who has retreated in rage and astonishment.

Dost know me now? Hag! scarecrow! Sow!
Dost know thy lord and master now?

Were't not for something that my hand inhibits,
I'd smash thee!—and thy cat-faced spirits.
What! is the crimson doublet no more prized?
Dost not ken the cock's tail feather? Beldam!
Have I my visage aught disguised?—
Wouldst have *me* tell thee,—who I am?

THE WITCH.

Oh master o' mine! the greeting I regret—
I saw not the horse-foot when we met!
Where, may your pretty Ravens be?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This time, I pardon thy offence;
For truly, 'tis a long time since
Thou sawest me—
Culture, that hath the world belick'd,
Has verily the Devil betrick'd—
The Northern Phantom, no more serves our cause;
Where see we now-a-day—horns, tail, and claws?
As touching the leg—'tis my companion *now;*
Marring my commerce with the world I trow!
For which good reason, like to a young Beau,
I donned false calves—some years ago.

THE WITCH, *dancing.*

I'm out of my wits, with surprise, and with glee,
To behold Master Satan, once more, with me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quiet, woman! that Name's henceforth forbidden thee!

THE WITCH.

Why! what may *it* have done, your spleen to merit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It has stood in the fable book too long in vain:
Man's not a shade the better for it!
They've scouted the evil *one*, and wicked *ones* remain:
In future call me Lord Baron! and 'tis good.
I am a knight,—even as *others*, knights are.
Thou dost not question my nobility of blood?
Behold, the favour that I bear!

He shows some Pantomimics.

THE WITCH, *laughing excessively.*

Ha! ha! ha! that was thy humour of yore—
Art still the waggish rogue, of heretofore.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Keep in thy mind this scene with lively retrospection,
Thus 'tis we keep our witches in subjection.

THE WITCH.

Say masters of mine, what wish may be your pleasure?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A bumper! of the well-known juice—
The oldest that you have in use;
For years add strength to the magic treasure!

THE WITCH.

Most readily—for within this flask,
Of which I sometimes sip—is the juice you ask,

Long time it has lost, th' empyreumatic!
To you therefrom, a brimming glass I'll give.

In an under tone to MEPHISTOPHELES.

If unprepared he drink the strong stomachic!
He cannot, as you know—a moment live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But he's *my* friend—'twill well agree with him!
I grudge him not the best that's in your cell.
Come, draw the circle—speak thy spell!
And fill him a cup up—even to the brim!

The Witch, with much mummery, draws a circle, and places strange things therein—between whiles, the glasses ring, and a sound proceeds from the Caldron, making together a sort of music. At last she brings a great book, places the monkeys within the circle in such positions as to answer the purposes of reading-desk and torch-holders. She beckons FAUST to approach her.

FAUST *to* MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!—say what shall result from these fantastic means,
These mad, and beastly pantomimic scenes?
Such loathsome, juggling, mawkish stuff,
Is known to me—and scorned enough!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummery!—to laughter she'd provoke us!
Be not an all-too rigid, discontented man!
The crone, as leech, may use her hocus pocus
To make the juice more potent, if she can!

He presses FAUST to enter the circle.

THE WITCH,

With great emphasis, commences to declaim from the book.

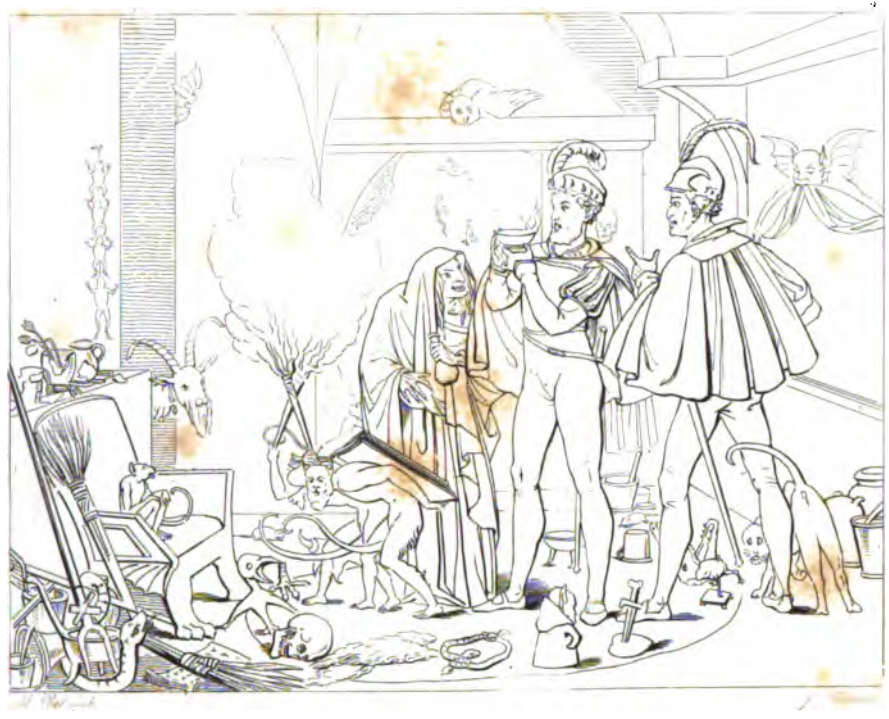
Thou must understand!
Of ONE make ten,
And cast off two,
And three make even,
Then hast thou thriven.
Cast off the Four!
Of five and six,
So saith Witch 'rithmetics!
Make seven and eight,
Then 'tis consummate:—
And nine is ONE,
And ten is none:
That is the Witch's "ONE times ONE!"

FAUST.

The Old One rambles I discover.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still awhile—'tis not half over,—
I know the book, 'tis stuff'd with fiction!
Much time I've wasted o'er the rules—
For you must know, a well-conned contradiction
Staggers Wise-men, as well as Fools!
My friend, the art is *old*, as well as *new*,
For it has been the craft of every age—through
Three and one, and one and three!
Error for truth to *academie*.
And so they twaddle on, still unmolested—
Who with the fools, would hold a cavil?



Man's prone to trust to wonders [illegible]

Man's prone to trust to words, behested,
And most so,—if enigma's to unravel!

THE WITCH *continues.*

The highest stage
And power of knowledge,
To the world is hid!
Who takes no thought
To him 'tis brought,—
Without either care, or bid!

FAUST.

What nonsense is she uttering now?
My head is on the split I vow!—
I feel as were a bellowing chorus,
Of a thousand lunatics before us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, enough, delightful Sibyl!
Here with the mixture—fill! fill
The goblet to the brim, and froth it up!
It will not hurt *my* friend d'ye see,
For he's a college-man, of high degree,
And has gulped a deal—from another cup!

The Witch, with much ceremony, fills the basin. As FAUST is about to raise it to his lips, it emits a clear flame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! quickly down with it!—no breathing time allow!
'Twill make thy very heart to laugh.—
What! art with the Devil, *thou* and *thou?*
And does a lambent flame prevent thee quaff?

The Witch opens the circle, and FAUST treads out.

Forth! forth i' th' air!—thou may'st not rest!

THE WITCH *to* FAUST.

May the pure tincture, give thee much delight!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* THE WITCH.

If there be aught that thou desirest,
Acquaint me on WALPURGIS' night.

THE WITCH.

Here is a pretty song! which if you sometimes sing,
You'll trace its virtue, in its wondrous working.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Bestir thee Sir! and be submissive led;—
Thou must perspire from foot to head,
That the choice dram throughout thee percolate.—
The princely trade of Idleness! I'll teach thee prize—
Soon wilt thou know by pleasing inward agonies
How CUPID through thy veins doth ambulate!

FAUST.

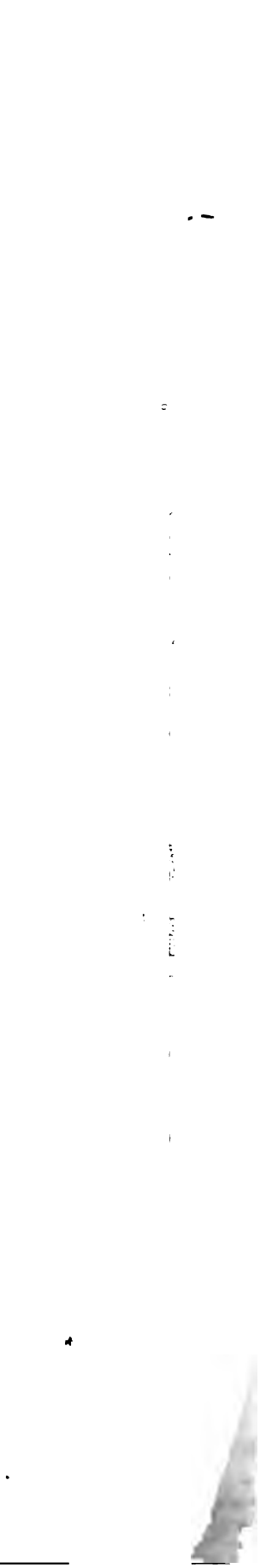
Once more I would the Mirror scan!
That female form was ah! so fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! no! anon shalt thou the paragon of woman
See bodily!—and be her heart's sole care.

In an under tone.

With that same cordial draught beneath thy skin
Thou'lt think *each* female form—a matchless Helen!



A STREET.—FAUST—MARGARET passing.

FAUST.

My beauteous noble lady! may I dare
To offer you my arm! and special care?

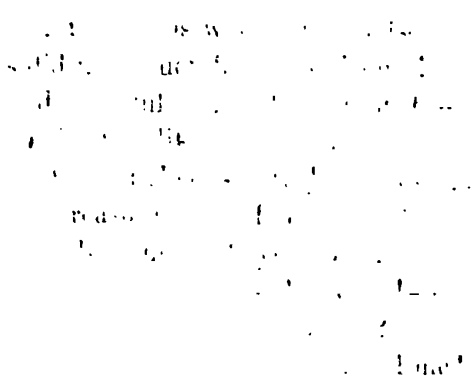
MARGARET.

I am not *noble*, Sir,—nor am a beauty!
Can find my home alone, and know my duty.

She breaks from him.

FAUST.

By heavens! the girl is wondrous handsome,
Mine eyes did ne'er such beauty welcome!
Virtuous and graceful—disinclined to flirt—
And what I don't dislike—a little pert!
Lips ruby red—and cheeks with blushes bright:
Memory will treasure up, so fair a sight!
And when she bent her full eyes down,
They deeply stamp'd my heart her own!—
And then, her sense of lively repartee?—
The maid's whole bearing has enchanted me!



MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

Seest thou yon girl?—I would caress her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well—which?

FAUST.

Her that's just gone—dost see?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Her?—why she's from the Confessor!
Of every sin, he has spoken her free—
I crept to th' confessional, and heard the homily—
She's innocent!
And for sheer nothing, to her shriving went;
O'er such as her—no power do I possess.

FAUST.

She's turned of fourteen years, as I should guess?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's spoken like Jack Liederlich,
Who longed each pretty flower to pick!
And thought, nor honour, love, or favour,
Were proof against his bold behaviour!—
But that won't always gain the prize.

FAUST.

Let me request Magister Moralwise
That to himself he keeps his wit-endeavour!
And be informéd—that unless
I do the comely maid possess,

And in my arms this evening press,
At midnight we do part—for ever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee! what dancing attendance is,—
And vigilantly watching opportunities!—
The thing demands a fortnight's scrutiny.

FAUST.

Had I seven hours of calm existence,
I should not want a Devil's assistance
To make with such an one affinity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That speech might suit a Frenchman's pate!
But prithee, do not fret, or doubt possession—
Wouldst have straightforward, tame submission?
Such joys, Sir, are not half so great
As when by costly, courtly wooing,
And skilful, crafty, long pursuing,
The maid you lure, and nicely hook;
As taught in many an Italian book!

FAUST.

My appetite wants no provoking!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then, without more abuse or joking,
I tell you once for all—the poppet!
Is not in such a fret to be got at.
By escalade there's nothing to be done!
We must try stratagem—if she be won!

FAUST.

Fetch me some token from her *bijouterie!*
Transport me to her place of rest!
Procure a kerchief from her breast!
Or garter from my darling's knee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That thou may'st know how thy bosom pain
I wish to assuage, and favour gain;
No moment shall be lost—without delay
I'll place you in her room——to-day!

FAUST.

And shall I see her? kiss her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!—
To her Neighbour she's about to go;
During which absence—in her "chamber dear,"
May'st feed on hoped for joys!—as near—
Inhaling as you will, your darling's atmosphere!

FAUST.

Is it not time to go?

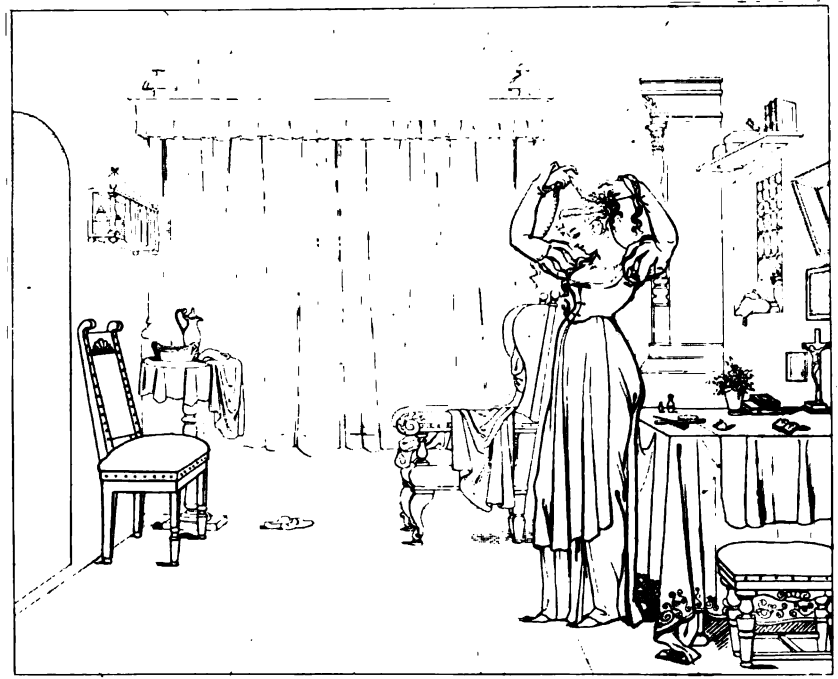
MEPHISTOPHELES.

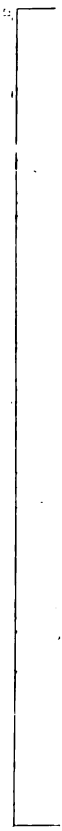
'Tis yet too early, Sir.

FAUST.

Provide me with a present, worthy her!

[*Exit.*





MEPHISTOPHELES.

So quickly presents? faith! he'll realize.—
Many a cunning place I know,
Where hoards were buried long ago;—
But I must espionize!———— [*Exit.*

EVENING.—A small, but neatly arranged Chamber.

MARGARET,

Plaiting and braiding up her hair.

I'd give a something, could I know
Who 'twas would fain have been my beau!
Well dress'd was he! of handsome figure!
And of a noble house I am sure!—
That on his forehead might be seen—
He had not else so keckish been. [*Exit.*

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

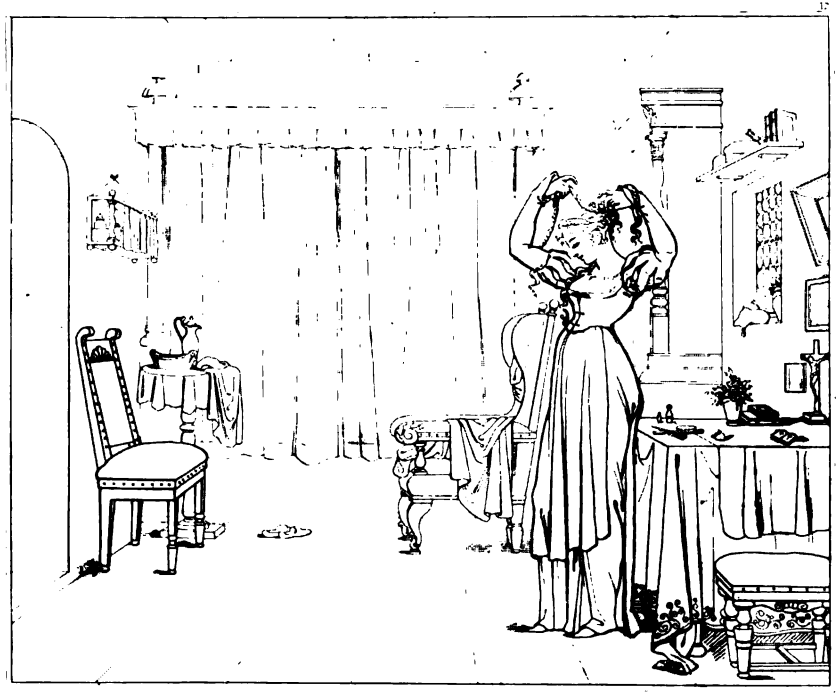
Come in, but softly tread—come on!

FAUST, *after a pause.*

I beg you'll leave me—I would be alone!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *prying about.*

Not every maiden keeps her room so chary. [*Exit.*



FAUST,

Taking a general survey of the room.

Welcome to me, soft evening twilight—that o'erhangs
Earth's landscape, pervading now this small but hallow'd
scope!
Possess my heart ye rapturous love-pangs!
YE! that do sighing live upon the dews of Hope.

How all around me breathes a sentimental calm,
A nice arrangement, and contentedness!
In these plain household goods, what magic charm!
In this dull cell-like room, what blessedness!

He throws himself into a leather-covered arm chair that is beside the bed.

O take me to thee, thou! that hast by-gone generations
Received within thine open arms, in joy and sorrow!
How oft around this father-throne, with exultations,
Have children hung, and prattled of to-morrow!
And here, perchance! heart-grateful for the Christmas gift
Has my sweet girl! with dimple cheek and eyes uplift,
Pressed her young kiss upon a grandsire's shrivelled hand!
O Maiden! methinks I feel thy spirit bland,
Pregnant with order—whispering to me
How it did guide thy hands right motherly,
The snow-white tablecloth to spread,
And strew the sand, that crackles 'neath my tread.
O lovely hand! celestial in affinity,—
This hut is made a paradise by thee!—
And here!

He raises the bed curtain.

What a rapture-tremor seizes me!—
Here loitering hours, might rapid moments seem.

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O Nature! 'twas here in gentlest dream

O Nature! 'twas here in gentlest dream
Thou fashionédst that divinity!
Here lay the child, warm with the attributes of life!
And here, the infant's tender bosom 'gan to play—
And here! with purest, holy strife,
The Godhead-likeness wrought its way!

And thou!—why hast thou sought out this abode?
Why feels thine innermost so moved and sore?
What will'st thou here? why is thy heart a load?
Unhappy Faust!——I do not know thee more.

Am I enwrappéd in a magic ether?—
But now, with hot, unruly passion glowing—
To be, in purest love-dream softly flowing!
Are we the sport of atmospheric pressure?

Were she to enter now! what retribution
Would'st offer for thy bold intrusion?—
Alas! the giant John become so pigmy small;
Love-vanquished! at her feet would fall.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters with casket of jewels.*

Make haste! her footsteps wend towards the door.

FAUST.

Away! away from here! I will return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But here's the present!—'tis a weighty casket,
I've been to fetch it from—elsewhere!

Make haste! her footsteps wend towards the door!

O Nature! 'twas here [illegible]

Quickly place it in her cabinet—
The sight will vanquish her I swear.
Within are bracelets, chain, and locket.
They should *another's* heart have won—
But girl is girl—and fun is fun!

FAUST *hesitating.*

I'm doubtful—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Can you ask it?
Perhaps you would hoard the costly casket—
If so—must beg of your lustfulness—
Me! and this evening hour so auspicious,
From longer service to dismiss—
I hope you are not avaricious!—
This hesitation keeps me in a ferment.

He places the casket in the press, and snaps the lock.

Now then, away—let's to a distance flee,
That the fair maiden favour thee
Unto thy heart and will's content!
Zounds! there you stark stand, and stare,
As if in the audience-room you were
Before the grey beards Physic and Metaphysica;
Who bodily were seated there!
Come let's be gone!———— [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET, *with a lamp.*

The room, methinks, feels close and hot,

She opens the casement.

Yet sultry out of doors 'twas not.

I do declare I feel quite overcome!
Would that my mother were at home—
I'm shuddery, and mind-oppressed—
Art but a timid girl at best!

She sings as she undresses.

There once was a king in Thulé,
Loved constant to the grave—
To him his mistress truly
When dying—a goblet gave.

He prized the gift of his deary!
'Twas fill'd at every "bout,"
But his eyes were always *teary*,
Whenever he drank thereout.

At length, when nigh unto dying,
He told his cities up,
And gave to each heir a tithing,
But to none gave he the cup.

One day as he sat at dinner
'Mongst knights of high degree,
In his old ancestral tower
That beetles o'er the sea,

Uprose the worthy old toper,
And a bumper emptied he!
Then he threw the golden treasure,
Far, far into the sea;—

He saw it fall;—and a-drinking
And sinking—far from shore;
The old king's eyes 'gan twinking—
Not a drop did he drink more!

Where I wonder now the Chair would look on me?

She opens the press to put away her clothes, and sees the jewel casket.

How did that handsome casket get in here?
I'm certain sure I locked the press with care—
'Tis vastly strange!—what can there be within it?—
Some one has been to borrow money, may be,
Of mother?—and left it as security—
What's that?—a tape, and a key hanging to it?
I really think the box I'll open;—
Good gracious me! what's that I look on?
I never saw the like in all my days.
What ornaments! why, they are such as ladies
Might wear on high festivities!——
I wonder how this chain would look on me?—
Whose *can* they be?—most splendidly they shine!

She puts on some of the jewellery, and goes to the glass.

O! if these pretty ear-rings were but mine!
They really make one look of high degree.—
What worth have comeliness and youth?
They may be very well—but in truth,
They both are shunned for gold and finery!
If praised—the commendation sounds but like compassion.
For gold all press—
On gold, and dress,
All hinges!—pretty poverty, is out of fashion.

I wonder how this Chair would look on me?

I wonder how this Chair would look on me?

A PUBLIC WALK.

FAUST in deep thought, pacing up and down. To him MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By slighted love! hell's fire! would I knew what worse!
That I might add more flavour to my curse!

FAUST.

What ails you say, what twinges you so sore?
Such queer grimace, I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Could pitch myself to the Devil for pure spite,
Were I not Devil, by inherent right!

FAUST.

What! is a head-screw loose, or brain o' th' crack?
It suits not *you*, to play the maniac!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only conceive,—the jewels got for Margery,
Has a fat Priest lugged off to his monastery!—
Her mother chanced the pretty things to spy,
And straightway 'gan to sorrow inwardly;—

That sly old woman has a marvellous keen nose,—
Got by sniftering in the praying-book I suppose.
Why! by th' smell, she can judge even to a *walking cane*,
What moveables are holy, and what are profane!—
So was it with the casket—she sniff'd it out,
And saw clearly that no blessing harboured, thereabout.
Said she, "My dear child! this is unrighteous 'good,'
"'Twill trouble thy soul—and feed on thy young blood.
"It shall as an offering to the holy Virgin Maria!
"Who will make us glad with heavenly manna."

Pretty Margery a rare wry face made,—
Well, well, thought she, 'tis but a "gift Jade!"
But truly, is HE very far from worthless
Who practised it here with such address.
The mother sent forthwith for a neighbouring Priest:
Who scarcely gave himself time to hear out the jest,
Ere his eyes, sparkled his heart's joy at the sight:
Said he, "My good woman! thou dost perfectly right,
"For those that overcome temptation, the *recompence* shall receive.
"That the Church has a hale stomach, you do well to believe—
"For she has swallowéd up whole countries!—and yet
"Was she never known to complain of a surfeit.—
"My dear ladies! the Church, the Church alone, it is manifest
"Can stolen,—and unholy things digest."

FAUST.

That you well know, is an every-day game,—
Your Jew, and your King, both do the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He then grabbed hold of clasp, chain, and rings,
As were they, but some gilt-gingerbread things!
Thanked, neither more nor less—than were
A small bag of hazel-nuts, the costly gear!—
Then he promised them "Celestial rewards and rest,"
With which they both seemed, *very much refresh'd!*

FAUST.

But about Margery?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is sitting ill at ease,
And can't for the life of her, her own self please—
Thinks on the trinkets all day long—and o' nights—
But more on the BRINGER of those splendid delights.

FAUST.

My darling's sorrow pains me much.—
Seek out another present! but not such
As the former,—better, and more gay!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To be sure!—with you Sir, all seems baby's-play!

FAUST.

And to my Will, shape all your labour,—
Make you quick friendship with her neighbour,
And give me proof, that there's some devil in thee!
Procure for her, I say, fresh jewels, instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, yes, your worship! with the utmost pleasure!

Exit FAUST.

Why such a doating fool, would try to puff out
The Sun and Moon!—and Stars without measure!
To amuse a *green* girl,—if she did but pout.

[*Exit.*

NEIGHBOUR MARTHA'S HOUSE.

MARTHA *alone.*

God pardon my poor dear husband!
He didn't behave as he ought to me,
To bolt off as he did to a foreign land,
And leave me here behind, in penury;—
Did nothing I'm sure to make my gentleman start!
Loved him, God knows! from my very heart.

She weeps.

Lack-a-day! perhaps he is dead?—O cruel fate!—
Had I but the dear fellow's burial certificate!

MARGARET *enters.*

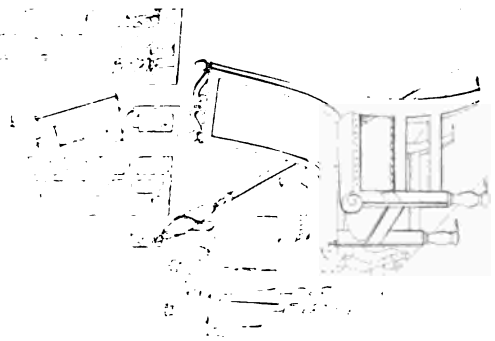
Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Well—what wilt Margaret?

MARGARET.

Oh I shall drop—my knees shake under me!
Only see what I've got—I've found another casket
In the same press—this one is of ebony,
Brim-full of pretty things!—and more,
And costlier far! than those I found before.



MARTHA.

Then do not tell thy mother—'twill distress her,
And off she'll hie to the Father Confessor.

MARGARET.

Do prithee look!—only see what a treasure!

MARTHA,

Adorning MARGARET with them.

O, thou art a blessed creature!

MARGARET.

Alas! I dare not wear them in the street,—
Neither in the Church would it be discreet.

MARTHA.

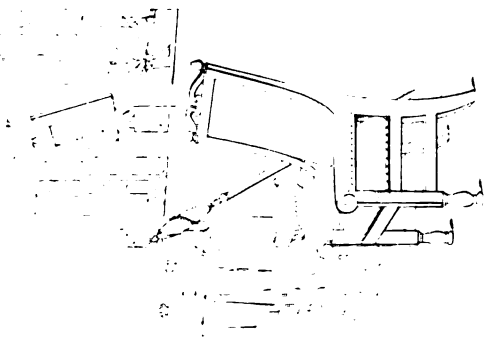
I'll tell thee what—come often o'er to me,
Here, thou canst put them on in secresy;
Canst pace it to and fro before the glass—
We shall have pleasure, even in that, my lass!
And if occasion offers,—perhaps on a holiday,—
By degrees, we may the pretty things display;
First you put on a chain—then pearl-drop in the ear:
As for your mother—we must hoodwink *her*, my dear!

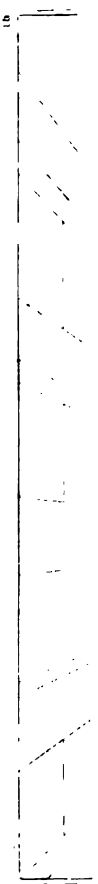
MARGARET.

But who in the name of fortune could the caskets bring?
I fear that all's not right—'tis too marvellous a thing!

A knocking at the door.

Alas poor me! that is perchance my mother?





MARTHA *peeps through the window curtain.*

No, 'tis a strange gentleman—come in, Sir!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

That I have taken the liberty thus to enter,
The ladies will kindly pardon,—peradventure!

Retreats a step, and respectfully to MARGARET.

I would after a certain Dame Schwerdtlein inquire?

MARTHA.

I am she—what may the gentleman desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in an under-tone.*

Enough—now that I know that you be her!—
She has got here a distinguished visitor?
Must crave pardon for the freedom I have ta'en,
Will call on you in the afternoon again.

MARTHA *aloud.*

Only think my dear—my pretty maidee!
The gentleman takes you for a noble lady.

MARGARET.

Sir! I am but a simple young lassie;—
The gentleman would show me too much courtesy,—
These ornaments I've on, are not my own!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I judge not by the ornaments alone—
You have a noble form—a penetrating eye!
I am o'erjoyed to be in such society!

MARTHA.

What news may the gentleman bring? I long to———

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would that my tidings gladsome were to you!—
Blame not the messenger—and be your sorrows fleeting;
Your husband's dead!—but sends by me, a greeting.

MARTHA.

Is dead!—that constant heart! alas! oh dear!
My husband's dead? I swoon! I swoon I fear!

MARGARET.

My worthy woman! be not inconsolable—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear then the touching tale—it is remarkable!

MARGARET.

I'll take good caution, ne'er to fall in love—
Such woeful news, would my death-warrant prove!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy must have sorrow—grief must gladness have!

MARTHA.

Do tell me of his dying agony!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In Padua! is your husband's grave,
Near to the shrine of Holy St. Anthony!

In a thoroughly consecrated ground
The ever silent-bed of rest he found.

MARTHA.

And nothing have you brought me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, a request that's somewhat bulky!
"Let HER for me three hundred masses sing!"
Over and above that, I *nothing* bring.

MARTHA.

What?—not a pocket-piece, or trifling trinket?
Why, every 'prentice-boy, I've heard of yet,
Rather than not have something to *leave*
As a remembrancer,—would either beg or thieve!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, that is a poignant source of grief to me!
Yet was he not a spendthrift, I do assure thee.—
He repented of his errors o'er and o'er,—
Bewailing his bad luck, ten times more.

MARGARET.

Alas, for human nature!—well, for *him*
Myself will offer, many a *requiem*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are well worthy of the marriage state;
So fair a maiden I've not seen of late.

MARGARET.

No, no, Sir!—that for the present may not be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well then, till wedlock—pleasing gallantry?—
O, it is the chiefest of life's charms
To clasp such perfect beauty in one's arms.

MARGARET.

That's not *our* national usage, on my word.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not! the case has oft occurr'd.

MARTHA.

But pray continue!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by the musty bed he lay on—
'Twas little better, Madam, than mere dung,—
Half rotten straw!—but then in *the faith* he died!
And found to his *cost* his sin-score multiplied.—
" Oh how I do hate myself," said he, " and shall do whilst
I've breath!
" For having left my calling, and poor wife!
" Alas, the remembrance thereof, hasteneth my death.
" Would that she could forgive me—in this life!"

MARTHA, *weeping.*

The dear repentant sinner! I have forgiven him long ago.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

" But *she* has been oftener to blame than *me*, I trow!"

MARTHA.

'Tis false!—did he on the grave's brink, so heinous lie?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

His mind did wander in his latter agony,
If to some wit and shrewdness I've pretence.
"I had," said he, "with HER no sinecure,
"First I must children!—then must bread procure,
"Aye, bread in its utmost literal sense!
"Yet to enjoy my modicum in quiet—was denied me."

MARTHA.

And did he forget my love, and my fidelity,
My night, and daylight drudgery?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so!—he remembered all full well. Said he,
"Soon as from Malta we made open sea,
"I prayed for wife and children fervently;—
"To be auspicious was then heaven's pleasure;
"For soon, our ship a Turkish craft did board,
"Laden with *store*, of the Grand Seignior's treasure.—
"Then 'twas, that courage met its just reward,
"And I received in weight and measure
"As was befitting—ample share of the hoard."

MARTHA.

Ha! how! where?—perchance he has buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows to where, the four winds may have wafted it?

Full soon a noble lady! espied him out
As he in Naples stranger-like was sauntering about.—
She showered on him such marks of love and constancy,
That her *testimonials*, to his grave he carried I fancy.

MARTHA.

The rogue! the thief to his poor offspring!
Could not remembrance of our sad beggary
The villain from such wicked conduct wring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doubtless for that transgression, *so*, died he!
But were I in your place, afflicted mother,
I'd make a show of widow's weeds, for a year,
All the while looking out—for another.

MARTHA.

Alas! such another as my first poor dear
Is not to be found in the whole world I fear!
A better, tender-hearted fool, there could not be.
Desire for rambling was his only vice—
Save that with wine and women he made free,
And loved too much those curséd playthings—dice!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! all had passed off with hilarity,
Had he scanned you with equal charity.—
I swear, could we such matters *so* arrange,
Myself, with you, would rings exchange!

MARTHA.

The gentleman, is pleased to banter!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

I'd best be off—enough I've stirred,—
Else, she'll be holding the Devil to his word!

To Margaret.

How moves your heart, fair maid!—in a pit-a-pat canter?

MARGARET.

What means the gentleman?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Innocent bird!

Aloud.

Fare you well, ladies!

MARGARET.

Farewell.

MARTHA.

Yet one word!
I should like to have a something,—in case of need,—
Showing where, how, and when my husband was buried.
Have always been esteemed a most punctilious dame—
Should wish therefore, in th' obituary to read his name.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, my good woman!—by two witnesses attested,
The truth of a matter, is as you know, manifested;—
I have a comrade, of high birth and condition,
Who with me, before a Justice will make deposition.—
I'll bring him here!

MARTHA.

Aye! aye! so do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this maiden—will of course be with you?—
He's a fine young fellow! has travelled, and is frank,
And very courteous, to ladies of rank!

MARGARET.

I shall be sure to blush in the presence of such gentlemen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no earthly monarch, need YOU redden!

MARTHA.

This eve at my back-garden gate,
We shall the gentlemen await.

A STREET.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is't? will't do? are we then nearer?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo!—again so full of fire?—
Ere long, shalt have thy heart's desire.
This eve, at neighbour Martha's you shall see her;—
Why—that is a woman, as if made
For pimping! and the gipsy's trade.

FAUST.

So good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But we've a commission from that infidel!

FAUST.

One good turn deserves another,—well?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before a Justice, we must regularly certify,
That both of us, did see her husband die
In Padua—and that he was in a holy corner buried.

FAUST.

That's vastly *clever!*—on a journey, *now* to be hurried!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta Simplicitas! where are fled your wits?
We guess the fact!—then make our affidavits.

FAUST.

If that is to be the course—I countermand the plan!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So ho! you're thereabout are you—O holy man!—
Would this be the first time that the learned reverend
Has borne false-testimony, to serve an end?
Has he not God—the World, and all that it contains;—
Man, and the moral movements of his heart and brains
Defined, as from authority! and the same asseverated
With brazen front, and lungs inflated?—
Yet if you've a *spark* of honour left, you'll own you have
Of *them*, as little knowledge as of Schwerdtlein's grave!

FAUST.

Thou art, and ever wilt remain a sophist, and a liar!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, aye!—did one not deeper dive, and soar much higher.
You will of course to-morrow—as a point of honour!
Poor Margery *not* bamboozle, and befool?—
Vowing, that you love her!—from your very soul!

FAUST.

And then but do, what my heart prompts me to.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Indeed!
And then talk of your attachment and fidelity!
Of the soft all-overpowering-passion, Sensibility!—
Will all *that* too, from your heart proceed?

FAUST.

Enough of this—it will!————if I, feeling
Such emotion, such tumult of the heart and mind!
Seek out an appropriate metaphor for its revealing,
And as I range through the world of th' senses such to find,
I grasp at the highest powers of speech—chancing
The furor that consumes my frame
Unquenchable! eternal! everlasting! to name.
Must it be therefore called a lying, fiendish romancing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I still am right!

FAUST.

List! and mark what I say
I beg of you—that so my lungs have holiday.
He that *will* be in the right! having tongue enough
May triumph with erroneous stuff!
In *this* case, I being tired of your sophisticated logic
Hold my tongue! you're right—because I'm logic sick!

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET on FAUST'S, and MARTHA on MEPHISTOPHELES' arm, walking up and down.

MARGARET.

I can well feel, Sir! that your condescending
To homely talk,—is my poor bashfulness to spare!
You travelled gentlemen have an affable air—
And take in kindly-part, almost every thing!—
To one so far experienced, and so much on the wing,
My simple speech *cannot* be interesting.

FAUST.

One look! one sentence of your sweet converse
Outweighs th' acquired wit of the universe.

He kisses her hand.

MARGARET.

You might have spared yourself that mark of courtesy,—
My hands are coarse and red you see—
What work have they not done of smooth and rough!
Mother's very *near*—yet has she property enough.

They pass on.

MARTHA.

And so you worthy Sir, are always travelling?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Our business, and our duties force us on!
We part—
With heavy, heavy heart,
From many a dwelling!—
Oft when we fain would stop—fate bids us to begone.

MARTHA.

In the hey-day of youth it might be bearable
About the world to rove and race!
But the "ill-omened day" comes on apace.—
As an old bachelor, who'd like to face
The grave!—is not the thought quite terrible?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With perfect horror I survey the prospect.

MARTHA.

Then my good Sir!—pause, and reflect!

They pass on.

MARGARET.

Yes, but you know that "out of sight is out of mind!"
On *your* tongue, ready courtesies lie—
Enough of friendly converse you will find,
With those who have more sense than I.

FAUST.

'Trust me, fair maid!—that which is calléd sense
Is oft short-sightedness or vain pretence.

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

'Tis strange! that Innocence! that Simplicity!
Should never know their worth,—and blessed attributes!
But are ever unconscious that meekness and bashful modesty
Are the fairest Gifts that love-abounding Nature, kindly distributes.

MARGARET.

Will you e'er spend a moment's thought on me?
I shall have leisure time enough to think on thee!

FAUST.

Perchance you are much alone?

MARGARET.

Small is our housewifery I own,
Yet what there is to do, by me is done!
We keep no maid—so sweeping, cooking, mending,
Devolve on me, and require attending—
Poor mother's grown of late
Most vexatiously accurate!
Not that her means require her to be so:
We have more right than some to make a show!
For father left behind him a pretty property—
A house and garden in the town's vicinity!—
At present I have ample leisure:
My brother became a soldier, Sir!
And little sister's dead,—
Baby occasioned me many an aching head,
Yet would I all, for it, again undergo,
If I could—I did love it so!

FAUST.

'Twas an angel! if it resembled thee.

MARGARET.

I reared it, and do really think it loved me.
'Twas born after my father's death—
Poor mother was given over;
She scarcely drew her breath!—
And when she did recover
'Twas so slow,—that there was no chance, d'ye see
Of her ever suckling poor baby!
So I brought it up—alone,
With milk and water——it seemed my own!
In my lap it used to smile and coo!—
Lively and fair the little darling grew.

FAUST.

Pure joy, was then pure duty's dower!

MARGARET.

Yet have I had—many a weary hour.—
The cradle stood by my bed-side,
So if baby moved or cried,
I instantly awoke—and sat up,—
Took baby to me, and fed it from a cup;—
If it would not be lulled—from my bed I rose,
And paced about the room, till it chose to doze.
Yet by day-break was I at the tub washing—
Then out marketing—then dinner cooking;
And ever on, the same,—as to-day so to-morrow!—
I've had you see, my hours of toil and sorrow,
But food and rest were sweeter for the working.

They pass on.

MARTHA.

Poor women have a hopeless game to play,
Who would lead old-bachelor hearts away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But such an one as YOU,
Might change my mind, and actions too!

MARTHA.

To the point—is there not *somewhere*, a pretty *somebody?*
Is your heart still unpledged, and at liberty?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says, "Own hearth and wife,
"Are the orient pearls and gold of life."

MARTHA.

I mean, did you ne'er feel the tender passion?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have been well received at every station.

MARTHA.

I should have said: did never maid your love provoke?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One should not with the fair,—in love-affairs, love-joke.

MARTHA.

Dear me, you do not understand!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sorry for that—now mind!
Thus much I do understand—you are passing kind!

They pass on.

FAUST.

You knew me then again, angelic maiden!
Soon as I stept within the garden.

MARGARET.

Did you not mark it by my downbent eyes?

FAUST.

And dost forgive me the abrupt surprise?
I mean on the evening I was so impertinent
As to accost you, when from church you went.

MARGARET.

Such a surprise I never had before!
None can say naughty things of me I'm sure.—
" Ah," thought I, " did he in thy manner or walk
" See boldness—or aught wrong in thy dress remark?
" For he seemed to think, that but little conversation
" With such a girl, sanctioned negociation."
Yet must I own—even at that moment
I felt towards you kindly sentiment;—
Ne'ertheless I was angry with myself, and pettish too,
Sooth, because I could not feel, more vex'd with you.

FAUST.

Lovely one!

MARGARET, *looking stedfastly at a flower.*

Let me try!

She plucks an Aster, the petals of which she picks off very circumspectly one by one, muttering something.

FAUST.

Wilt make a nosegay?

MARGARET.

No! I'm fortune-telling.

FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

You'll laugh at me—so go away!

She continues to twitch the petals, still saying something to herself.

FAUST.

What dost mutter?

MARGARET, *half loud with each leaf.*

He loves thee!—he loves thee not!

FAUST.

Heavenly countenance!

MARGARET *continuing,*

Intently expecting the result.

Loves thee!—not! loves thee!—not!

Pulling off the last petal with exclamation.

He loves me!

MARGARET. *looking stedfastly at a flower.*

What dost [illegible]?
[illegible]

FAUST.

Aye, fair maid!—oh may the Aster's sympathy
Be to us the will of heaven!—indeed, I *do* love thee!—
Dost understand the meaning of—He loves thee?

He takes both her hands in his.

MARGARET, *with tremor.*

I fear to understand!

FAUST.

Oh tremble not!—but let this look, this pressure
Of my hands more truly, and eloquently say
What is that passion, which is beyond the power of words
to convey!
That languishing sensibility!—that holy rapture!
Lasting! eternal!—that which can know no end—
Everlasting! whose end would be madd'ning dismay.
No, no end!—no end!

MARGARET squeezes his hands, and runs away. He stands in thought a moment, and then follows her.

MARTHA, *advancing.*

The night draws on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must home again!

MARTHA.

I would beseech you longer to remain
Were not this such a slandering place,
'Tis *here*, as if no mortal had to do,

Or occupation to pursue,
Save only to gape, and neighbours' footsteps trace.
However circumspect one is—they still will talk!
But where are our turtle-doves?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

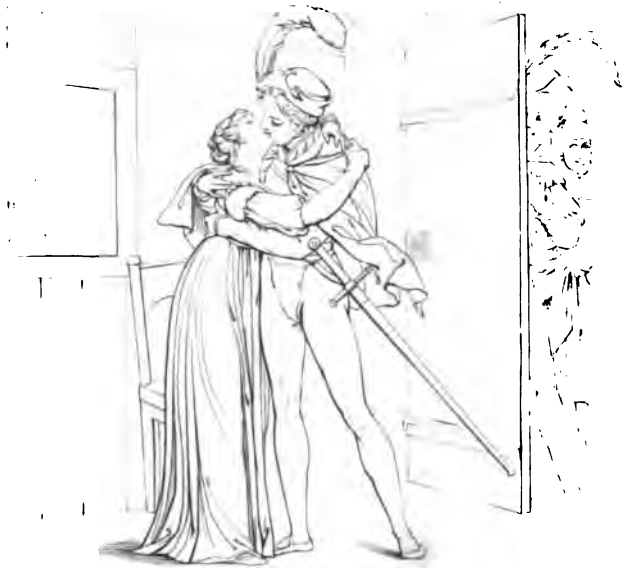
Flown up the walk,
Like wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems inclined to her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As she to him—'tis the way of the world, neighbour.



A SUMMER HOUSE.

MARGARET comes running in—hides herself behind the door, places her fore-finger to her lips, and peeps through the crack.

MARGARET.

He's coming!

FAUST *enters.*

You little rogue, so wouldst teaze me?
What!—I have caught thee!

He kisses her.

MARGARET,

Throwing her arms round his neck, returns the kiss.

Worthiest of men! from my *heart* I love thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.

FAUST *stamping.*

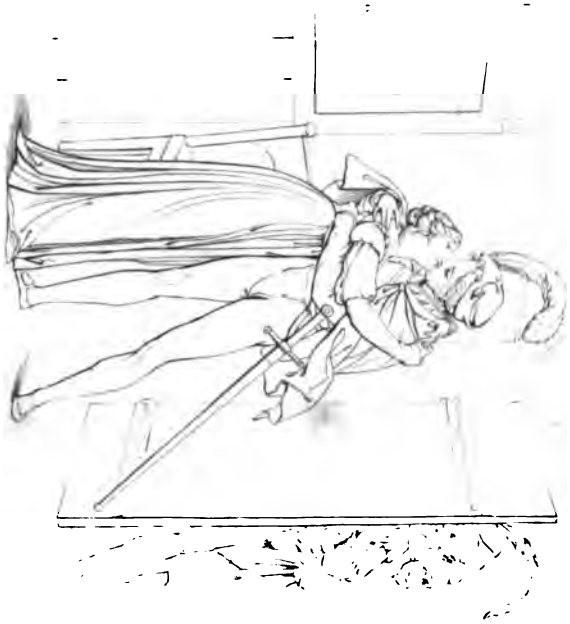
Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good friend!

FAUST.

A brute!



MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to say adieu!

MARTHA, *at the door.*

'Tis getting late, Sir!

FAUST *to* MARGARET.

May I accompany you?

MARGARET.

My mother would————farewell!

FAUST.

——Must I then go?
Farewell!

MARTHA.

Good bye.

MARGARET.

Until we meet again, adieu!

Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

Gracious me! how can a single head
Contain the things that he has said!
Flushed to the eyes, like a stock I stood,
And said to all he said, but Yes, Sir! good!—
Am but a simple, ignorant girl,—
Don't understand why he likes me so well!

WOOD AND CAVERN.

FAUST *alone.*

GREAT SPIRIT! thou gav'st me—gavest me all
That I did ask of thee.—'Twas not without result
That thou in flame didst manifest thy presence.—
Thou gavest me, splendid Nature, for a kingdom!
With power to feel, and to enjoy her beauties.
No cold astounding view, didst thou vouchsafe;
But kind indulgence, to dive deeply
Into the recesses of her treasury—
As into the bosom of a friend to gaze, and all behold!

The living thou didst make to pass in files before me,—
And didst teach me to know as relatives,
My brethren of the silent groves, the air and water!—
When the Storm did madden, roar, and crash
In the woods—and the giant Fir, uprent,
Did in its fall rip off the neighbouring boughs,
And crush the sapling stems, making the earth to shake,
And the hills trembling tell of the pond'rous blow
In hollow groans!—then didst thou lead me
To the sheltering cave,——show'dst me myself,
And didst reveal to me mysterious wonders

Deeply in my bosom lodged—till then unknown!—
And did the silv'ry Moon, rise on my sight
With soothing influence,—then did float before me,
From rocky heights and swampy brake,
The hoary Forms, of ages long passed by,
Calming my fervent thirst for contemplation.

Ah me! already do I feel that erring man
Can nothing to perfection know!—but Thou didst give me
With this delight, that brought me near,
And nearer to the Gods,—a companion!
One! whom I find I cannot do without,
Although his cold, insulting presence maketh me
To feel debaséd even to myself!
Who, with a breath changes thy glorious gifts,
To nothingness!—
Who fans in my bosom, with satanic art,
A raging fire for yon angelic form.—
Thus, do I reel from lusting, to enjoyment;
And in enjoyment, languish with desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou not had of *this*, almost enough?
How canst thou such-like life so long pursue?
'Tis well for once, to try romantic stuff,
Then go with zest to something new!

FAUST.

Would THOU hadst something else to do,
Than incommode me on a *quiet* day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why *quiet's* the very thing I wish you!—
Darest thou in earnest so-what say?—
In a comrade so uncourteously insane,
I've little, Sir, to lose.
All day it seems I'm occupied in vain?—
What do to please—from what refrain—
One can't divine by your honour's nose!

FAUST.

Admirable!—'tis to the very cadence—
He would have thanks for an impertinence?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How hadst thou—miserable clod of clay!
Lived without me this many a day?—
From the strange crincum-crancums of thy fancy
I thought thee cured of a constancy:—
Had it not been for me, from the earth-ball
Thou hadst marched off ere this—gown, cap and all!—
What business hast thou in cavern, or rock-cleft,
To be moping, like an owl bereft?—
From moss, and dripping crag to be sucking
Like a toad, foggy purveyance in?
O worthy pastime!—gladness almost divine!—
Faith the D. D. still sticks in that head of thine.

FAUST.

Didst thou comprehend the fresh life-energy
That such like desert-wanderings give to me—
Or only surmise the pure soul-quiet they convey,
Thou wouldst fiendishly chase my joy away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doubtless, it is a super-human enjoyment
To be seeking midst night and dews, hill cantonment!—
To be clutching heaven and earth, with holy rapture
And pride-swelling thyself to a godlike stature!—
To be science-digging into the marrow of the earth,
Crowding into thy bosom the whole "six days" birth,
And by upstart power, enjoying I know not what delight!
Then self-flowing into ALL—out of sight
Is fettering mortality!—
And then the high intuition————

With action.

That leads, I say not how————to fruition.

FAUST.

Shame on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, *that* puts him out!
Sooth, he is politely-right to cry, for shame
Since it is not etiquette to name
To chaste ears, what chaste hearts can't do without.
Far be it from me to grudge him the pleasure
Of self-deception, if so he'd use his leisure:
But he'll not keep up *that* lunatic game!—
Already surfeited well nigh,—
Remains he longer by the same,
In a *fever*, he'll bid the world good-bye.
But enough of that!—Your pretty deary's sitting
Alone at home—sighing and fretting;

Her mind stedfastly fixt on thee, admits of no abstraction;
Verily the girl loves you to distraction!—
At the outset your passion burst all bounds you know,
Like to a mountain torrent when dissolves the snow,—
Which on her heart you turned o'erwhelmingly.
Yet now is the swollen streamlet dog-day dry!
Methinks instead of holding court 'mongst Oak and Fir,
'Twould be much better, high and mighty Sir!
To let that little playful monkey prove
How worthily, you can reward her love.
Time, for certain hangs heavily on her hands;—
At her window the love-sick virgin stands
Watching the clouds pass o'er the city walls.
"Were I a little bird," so goes her song
The night through—and all day long!—
Merry a minute—then into grief she falls;
Anon comes on a crying and sobbing bout—
And then a calm;—faith she appears to me
To be o'er head and ears in love with thee!

FAUST.

Snake! Serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Even so!—that I thee circumvent.

FAUST.

Get thee behind me!—madman!
And name not again that guileless maiden,—
Nor dare to fan desire for her too lovely person
In one! already half bereft of reason.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why this tirade?—she thinks thee false and flown,
Which half and half thou art—thyself must own!

FAUST.

I'm i' th' neighbourhood!—yet were I further
I never could forget—would ne'er abandon her!
Oh I do envy the *body* of the Lord she worships,
When touched by her sweet lips!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo, my friend! and I've long grudg'd thee, those
Snow-white twins, that pant beneath the Rose!

FAUST.

Begone! lewd pander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Beautiful! I smile, whilst thou dost slander!
The God, who first did lad and lass create,
Soon saw that th' noblest passion would consociate,—
So *willed* for them th' pleasant site of pleasure.
Away with your scruples!—'tis a mighty woe, for sure!—
Now ought you to be entering your darling's chamber,
Not seeking amidst thick vapours, death's long slumber.

FAUST.

What are celestial joys compared with her embrace?
Would that on her warm bosom I might solace!—
Do I not ceaselessly endure her keen distress?—
Yet am I not the fugitive?—the houseless?

The inhuman monster—aimless, and roaming?
Who like to an Alpine cataract,—foaming
From rock to rock, seeks but a deep abyss to find?—
Whilst sidewards SHE, with childish unsuspicious mind
Has fixt her dwelling on the mountain's narrow ledge,
Where the whole stock of her first housewifery combin'd—
Her all, her little world! she thinks secure within her cottage!
And I, the heaven-hated, the rejected! not satisfied
To grasp the rocks—and mighty crags of adamantine,
Crush by my force, or raging hurl aside,—
But I must seek her calm retreat to undermine.—
Hell! thou willest it!————the Holocaust be thine!—
Help Devil!—shorten the perplexity!
What must be done,—were well done quickly!
Upon my single head, be her transgression,—
Mine be the penalty—mine the perdition!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So, thou art lighted up again—again inflamed!
In then, and comfort her, thou fool—for shame!—
When such weak heads the upshot cannot see,
They fancy death alone can solve the mystery.
The brave are conquerors evermore.—
Thou didst display some devil heretofore!—
I nothing in the world, so mawkish find,
As a would-be Devil,—with a wavering mind.

MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

MARGARET,

Sitting at her spinning-wheel.

My quiet is gone,
My heart it is sore;
'Twill never return,
No,—never more.

When he is from here,
All's tomb-like and dree,
The joys of the world
Are galléd for me.

My poor simple head
Is madden'd with pain,
And my opening mind
Is snapped in twain.

My quiet is gone,
My heart it is sore;
'Twill never return,
No,—never more.

For no one but him
From my casement I gaze,
'Tis only for him
The latchet I raise.

His graceful step,
His noble size,
His smiling lips,
His powerful eyes,

His courteous speech
Like magical lute,
His tender pressure,
And ah! his salute!

My quiet is gone,
My heart it is sore;
'Twill never return,
No—never more.

My bosom love-yearns
Towards him alone.
O dared I to clasp him,
And call him my own!
And caress him
As fondly I would,
And with his warm kisses
Droop, sweetly subdued!

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET—FAUST.

MARGARET.

Do promise me, Henry!

FAUST.

All that I can!

MARGARET.

How dost thou towards Religion feel inclined?
Thou art at heart a truly worthy man!
Yet do I fear, faith does not guide thy mind.

FAUST.

Spare me, fair child! thou feelest that I love thee;
For my beloved, I'd hazard soul and body;—
I would not rob another of his church and faith!

MARGARET.

That's not enough—"thou must believe" it saith.

FAUST.

Must?

MARGARET.

Would that I piously, could sway thy sentiments!
Thou dost not honour, I fear—the holy Sacraments?

FAUST.

I do respect them.

MARGARET.

Aye, but without a warm desire I ween;
To Mass, nor to Confession, hast thou long time been.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

Dearest! who shall dare the assertion,
I do believe in *God?*
Philosopher, or priest, thou may'st question,
And their reply to thee,—
Will seem a mockery!

MARGARET.

Then thou dost *not* believe?

FAUST.

Mistake me not, bland creature!
Who dares to fix on HIM!—a *Name?*
Or who proclaim;—
In Him, I do believe?—
Who feels,
And perils
Not to say—I disbelieve?—
The ALL-ENCOMPASSER!—
The ALL-SUSTAINER!—

Does He not hold and uphold
Thee, Me, Himself?
Does not high heaven a mighty arch unfold?
And does not the Earth to its centre hold?
Do not the stars eternally
With gladd'ning aspect rise, and canopy?
Do not I view THEE eye to eye?—
And does not all we hear, and feel, and see,
Press on thine head and heart, mysteriously?
And weave in undiminished secrecy
Invisible,—around thee visibly?—
Draw from those sources, till thine heart o'erflow with bliss,
Capacious as it is!
And when thou art lost in admiration,
And holy adoration!
Then call it what you list—
Joy! Heart! Love! God!—I wist
No *Name* to invoke!
Sensation! is all in all.—
Name is but sound and smoke,
Heaven's genial glow to cloak.

MARGARET.

That is all beautiful! and well to know;
Our Parson nearly tells us so,
But differently express'd.

FAUST.

In every place beneath the Light of day,—
In every heart, it is the lay,—
In every language 'tis confess'd:—
Then wherefore not in mine?

MARGARET.

When I so hear, I better things opine,—
But still those matters are awry;—
Thou dost lack———Christianity!

FAUST.

Dearest child!

MARGARET.

It long hath given me pain,
To see thee such companionship retain.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

He! that thou'st with thy friendship invested,
Is from my inmost soul detested;
Nothing in my short life did ere impart,
So dire a stab to my poor heart,
As that man's loathéd countenance!

FAUST.

Fear not *him*, lovely innocence!

MARGARET.

His presence chills and curdles my heart's blood,—
Ere this, towards every human being I felt sisterhood;
Yet ardently as I desire to gaze on Thee,
I feel a deadly shudder, when that man I see.
Besides, I hold he has a roguish leer!
God's pardon—if my judgment's too severe!

FAUST.

Even of such Coots as he—is this wide world productive.

MARGARET.

I would not with his like one moment live!—
Does he o'erstep the threshold of our door
He sneers,—and scans me o'er and o'er,
Half rancorously—
Oh one can see he takes no kindly part in you or me,—
'Tis written on his forehead
That he has no soul ever loved, or honouréd.
Upon thy arm,
I feel so free, so confident, so warm!
Yet does *his* presence, cramp my innermost.

FAUST.

Prophetic angel!—cherish not distrust.

MARGARET.

Oh *it* doth overpower my spirits fearfully!
For be we where we may, if he appear
I feel affection cool, towards thee.—
I cannot in his presence breathe a prayer!
And that is like a canker at my heart.—
Thou must feel the same, Henry!—at least in part.

FAUST.

Thou hast imbibed antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

Ah, when shall be for me
An hour of confidence with thee,
When breast with breast, and soul with soul agree?

MARGARET.

Would that I slept alone, and unobserved,
I'd leave the bolt unshot this night!—
Poor mother's sleep is very light,—
Were I to be by her discovered,
I should expire of shame—on the spot!

FAUST.

Angel! thou need'st not dread such upshot—
Let but thy mother seven little drops
From this small phial in her night-drink take,
And a deep sleep her every sense envelops.

MARGARET.

What would I not—for thy dear sake?
I hope it will not *seriously* affect her?

FAUST.

Would it!—dost think that I would be the projector?

MARGARET.

I look upon thy face—and caution's gone!—
I know not what it is that draws me to you?
So much for thee I've done,
That little now remains to do. [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So the young monkey's off!

FAUST.

And I again espionized?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have elaborately understood
How the learn'd Doctor has been catechised!—
'Tis to be hoped 'twill do him good.
Green girls about their *Sparks*, are often agonized
To know if they'll prove pure, and pliant i' th' old way,
And think if *now* they flinch they'll follow well for aye.

FAUST.

Monster! dost thou not see
That *that* pure lovely soul
Is under her faith's controul,—
Which spiritually
Imparting happiness to her—to her cost
She quails, lest him she loves be lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou super-sensitive, most sensual wooer!—
A girl nose-leads the mighty-doer!

FAUST.

Of filth and fire, base-born homonymy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then, her masterly skill in physiognomy!—

In my presence, she feels she knows not how, or why!
And my visage too—prognosticated lurking evil—
Thought that I might be one of the Genii,—
Perchance the very Devil?—
Well but to-night————?

FAUST.

What's that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do I not take an interest in your felicity?

THE PUBLIC WELL.

MARGARET and LIZZY with their Pitchers.

LIZZY.

Hast nothing heard about Barbara, Margery?

MARGARET.

Not a word—I seldom now go out.

LIZZY.

It is all true, Sybilla told me so to-day!
She's got finely befool'd at last, by gadding about.
All brought on herself, by aping forsooth my lady!

MARGARET.

How so?

LIZZY.

Beshrew!
When now she eats and drinks, she victuals two.

MARGARET.

Alas! alas!

LIZZY.

She's but rightly served, O it was sure to follow,
You know how she has dangled after the fellow!

Marry-come-up !—there was rare promenading,
Country junketing—and dancing-booth parading,—
Every where, who but she at the top must be—
Must be sweet-hearted forsooth, with wine and pastry !
Fancied herself handsome,—for her beauty famed,
And was so wanton (it's hardly fit to be named)
As to take from him presents !—and not be ashamed.
Then followed such romping—and such slubbering ;
That snap went the flower !—and now its all blubbering.

MARGARET.

Poor thing !

LIZZY.

And you forsooth must pity her !—
When *we* from our spinning-wheels dared hardly stir,
And at bed-time might not remain down stairs,
Was *She* and her spark whispering love affairs
Either on the door-bank, or in some dark walk,—
The hour was never long enough for their talk.
Marry ! but she'll bob now, if any one greet,—
Doing church penance, in a white sheet !

MARGARET.

But of course he'll make her his wife ?

LIZZY.

He'd be a precious fool ! no, no, so lissome a lad
Is not very likely to lead a humdrum life.
Besides he's off already !

MARGARET.

That is very sad !

LIZZY.

Should she get him,—it shan't be the better for her!
The boys shall tear the garland from her head,
And chaff before her door *we'll* spread. [*Exit.*

MARGARET, *returning homeward.*

How harshly have I—when poor maiden did err!
Against the sin, and the sinner railed—
Even till my tongue for epithets failed!
What all too black appeared—I blacken'd more,
Ne'er thinking black enough the garb sin wore!
I did extol myself—felt arrogant within—
Yet now am victim of the self-same sin!
But truly, all that has led to my undoing,
Has been such sweet!————such tender wooing!

OUTSIDE OF THE TOWN JAIL.

In a deep niche in the wall is a devotional Image of the Mater Dolorosa; at her feet small jars,—with flowers in them, which MARGARET replaces by fresh ones.

MARGARET.

Bend, holy Mother!
Mother! rich in sorrow,
Thine eyes on my distress!

Pierced is thine heart
With agonizing smart,
For thy Son's death-progress;

To God! thy father and friend,
Thine eyes, and sighs ascend,
For Thine, and His distress.

Who can be aware,
How anguish and despair
O'erwhelm me?
What my poor heart affrights,
What it trembles at—invites—
Is known to only Thee!

Wheresoe'er I go,
Grief, and pain, and woe,
My bosom rake!
Am I alone—
I sigh, and sob, and moan,—
My heart will break!—

The crocks before my window
With my tears I did bedew,
As this morning very early
I pluck'd these flowers for You.

Ere yet the morn's first radiance,
Had through my lattice sped,
Worn out by midnight wailings,
I sat up in my bed.

Help! rescue me from Infamy—
And death!—incline
Thy countenance divine—
Heavenly mother!
Mother! rich in sorrow,
Graciously upon, Me.

FAUST.

NIGHT.

STREET, BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE,

A Soldier, MARGARET'S brother.

When I've so sat at a boozing bout,
Where many a braggadocio stout
Has loudly praised some girl,—
As though she were the pearl
Of beauty—in cups o'erflowing!
How have I not snugly sat—elbowing
The table, and laughing in my sleeve
To hear the fellows brag and deceive.—
Then my beard down striping
I have taken a bumper in hand,
And said, "Every man to his liking!"
"But is there one throughout the land
"Like to Margery! or fit
"To hold a candle to my Margaret?"—
"Good! good!" clink, clank! the glasses go,
Then did our chaps shout out, "He's right! we know
"She is her sex's ornament!"
And all the swaggering blades were silent.—
But now? O, 'tis enough to make one tear one's hair,
And dash one's head against the wall—
To be with jibes, and sneer, and stare,
Greeted by ALL!————

Now must I like a mean culprit, hang my head
Fearful of every word that's said;—
Even were I to challenge every rascal,
Not one of them could I "a Liar" call.—

But who are coming?—some sneakers draw near!
If my sight errs not—two there are.
Should HE be one?—I'll show his hide some play!
Zounds! with his life, he should not get away.

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How, from the casement of yon Sacristy,
The ever-burning lamp shines glimmeringly,—
More faint each moment—now, so flickeringly.—
How darkness closes in, as fades the light.—
Even so it is with me! in my breast all is night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With me all is,—as it is with the love-sick tom cat,
That's 'long the city-ladders crawling,
To gain the wall top,—there with some puss to chat!—
Yet am I virtuously inclined in my calling—
That being only theft, and caterwauling!
WALPURGIS NIGHT, it is that haunts my brains,
Running like wildfire through my veins!
The evening after to-morrow, is th' anniversary feast;
Then will be fun—worth waking for at least!

FAUST.

The treasure must be rising—I declare
I see a lambent flame out there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Soon, very soon, shalt have the pleasure
To touch the brazen-pot of treasure;—
I took a peep into 't, not long ago.
The LION-DOLLARS did glisten so!

FAUST.

What? is there no ornamental 'tire!—no ring!
Such as my charming girl would grace?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now I bethink me on't, I did see something,
That did appear, like to a pearl-necklace.

FAUST.

'Tis well!—for I should much lament
To visit her, with nothing to present!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This time, shalt have no cause to fret
'Bout bliss—and giving nothing for it!
And as the heavens beam glowing stars,
I'll do a something pretty for her ears;—
I'll sing her a purely, sentimental song,
That her infatuation prove more strong.

Sings, with guitar accompaniment.

Ah what dost thou here?
Thy lover's door near,
O Katty! Katty dear
Ere sun is up!—good lack!

Listen to what I say!
Thou'dst better keep away—
He'll let thee in, for aye
A maid—not so go back.

Then prithee, have a care!
Before thou art aware,
Mayst say good night for e'er
To virtue if you linger—
If thou thyself dost love
No secresy approve,
Even in love—sly love!
Till ring is on thy finger.

VALENTINE *enters.*

By all the elements! what's brought ye here?
Accurséd brace of foul Rat-catchers!
First then—to Hell with the squeaking gear!
And then to the Devil—with th' body snatchers!

Attacks them violently.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Cithern's broke! the fellow's wilder getting;

VALENTINE.

And now for a bout, at numskull-splitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Doctor! no flinching—bravely to the work!
I'll back thee up!—so, forwards go!
Out with th' Toledo toasting-fork
And lunge!—I'll parry off his blow.

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That—why not?

VALENTINE.

And that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Certainly!

VALENTINE.

I think the fellow's hell begot!—
How is all this?—my arm is paralysed!

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Lunge! lunge!

VALENTINE *falls.*

Oh!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the scoundrel tranquillised!
From this place we must disappear,—
Already, the "hue and cry" I hear.
I can jack-o'-th'-lantern-it, with th' Police,
But with the Blood-avengers, I've no voice.

MARTHA, *from her window.*

Help! help there!

MARGARET, *from her window.*

Here! here let the light be brought.

MARTHA, *as before.*

They rail'd, and cuff'd, and brawl'd, and fought.

THE PEOPLE.

Here lies some one in extremity!

MARTHA, *coming out.*

Are the murderers gone?

MARGARET, *coming out.*

Alas!—who fell?

THE PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son!

MARGARET.

————What a heavy calamity!

VALENTINE.

I die!—that's soon said—
But 'twas sooner done.————
Why do the women bawl and shake the head!
Let them approach—my sand is nearly run.

They all draw near.

See here my Margery! thou art still young,
And art not skilled in worldly right and wrong,
Therefore thou managest thy matters badly.—
I tell thee, but it is in confidence—

That thou art a *Wanton!* most assuredly;
So be thou one—without pretence.

MARGARET.

My brother? O God, what do I hear?

VALENTINE.

Keep God's holy name out of the affair!
What's done—cannot be undone—
Such matters take their course when once begun.
Thou dost commence with *one* in privacy,
Anon come many suitors to thee—
And hast thou once a dozen known,
Then art thou th' harlot of the TOWN.

When Shame first sees the light,
Quite secret is the midwifery;—
One draws o'er her the veil of night,
Shrouding her physiognomy,
And purposed is—infanticide.
But once grown-up, she casts the veil aside,
And walks unseemly bare by day
Her faded beauties to display!—
The more the wanton-one, becomes a *fright!*
The more she haunts the broad-day light.

Methinks I see the time come on,
When every honest Burgher's son
Will shun thee, like to a putrid corse!
And tread aside that the *Drab* may pass!—
Thine heart its throbbing will suspend
Should any look thee in the face,—

No chain shall more thy bosom grace—
Shalt no more near the altar bend!
No more in ruff of Brussels point
In Ball-room or Assembly flaunt!—
But be in some dank dreary corner,
'Mongst cripples and beggars, a silent mourner.

Even should kind heaven! pity thy condition,
Thou'lt feel on earth—the malediction!

MARTHA.

Commend thy soul for mercy to thy God!
Wouldst add vile slander to thy sinful load?

VALENTINE.

Would I could clutch thy parchéd body,
Thou brazen, pandering, lump of bawdry!
O, such a sin-atoning deed I'd do—as would
Propitiate my God!

MARGARET.

My brother—Oh! oh!—what misery!

VALENTINE.

No, no,—let there be no tears Margery!—
When THOU from *honour's* path didst go,
Then had my heart the fatal blow.—
I journey through the sleep of death from here,
To God—a Soldier!—without fear. [*Dies.*

No chain shall [illegible] the bosom grace—
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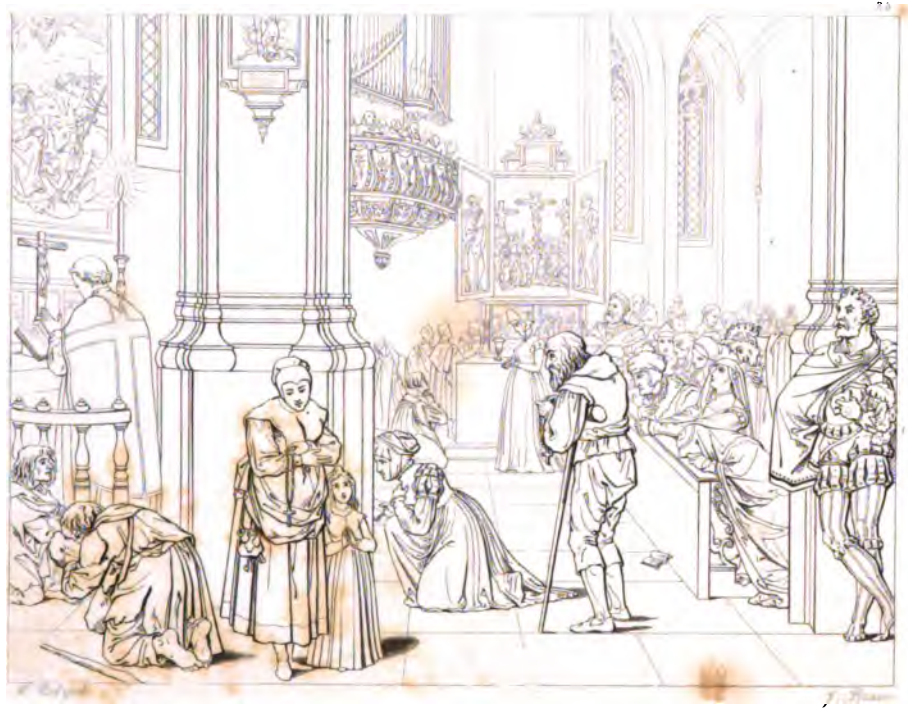


THE DOM CHURCH.

Service—Organ and Anthem.

Margaret amongst the worshippers.—The Evil Spirit stands behind her, and whispers in her ear.

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

How different was it with thee Margery,
When full of innocency
Before the altar thou didst bend,
And out of thy thumbed breviar
Didst lisp thy prayer,—
Half childish sport,
Half God in thine heart!—
Margery!
Where are thy wits?
In thine heart
What misdeed?
Dost pray for thy mother's soul? who through thee
Sleeps the long sleep—to awake in purgatory!—
On thy door-sill, whose blood is that?
——— And below thine heart
Does not *something* move and start,
Thee and itself afflicting,
With its presence—ill foreboding?

MARGARET.

Woe! woe is me!
Oh were I from such sad thoughts free,
As shoot with agonizing pain
Thorough my brain.

THE CHOIR.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla.

The Organ sounds.

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Horror seizes thee!
The trumpets sound!
The graves labour!
And thy heart,
From the silent dust
For fiery pains must
Be refashion'd—
And quicken'd!

MARGARET.

Would I were away!
I feel as did the organ
Feed on my breath,—
The music hath unstrung
My heart.

THE CHOIR.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel so pent!—
The columns
Hem me in!—
The vaultings
Press on me!—air!

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thee?—sin and shame
Cannot be hidden.—
Air?—Light?—
Woe, awaits thee!

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

The Saints avert their faces
From thee.—
The Pure shudder,
And withdraw their hands.
Woe!

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus.

MARGARET.

Neighbour!————thy phial!—

She swoons.

WALPURGIS NIGHT, OR MAY-DAY EVE.

The Hartz Mountains, in the neighbourhood of the villages Schirke and Elend.

FAUST.—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost thou not yearn for a broomstick! to bestride?—
I wish I had a tough he-goat to ride.
This pathway leads us wide of what's desired.

FAUST.

So long as I feel heart-whole and my legs not tired,
So long, on my befriending staff will I confide;—
Where's the good of short'ning a pleasant way?—
To wander about the mazes of the vale,
And then these rocky heights to scale,
From which bright rills, in gentle cataracts play,—
Such are the spiceries that cheer the traveller's sense!—
Behold! the genial Spring the birchen leaf renews—
And even the sombre Fir proclaims its influence;
May it not also re-invigorate *our* thews?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I nothing of its genial favour know,
Within me all is wintry *frisk*;

Would that my path were carpeted with snow.—
How mournfully ascends th' imperfect disk
Of the red moon! with imitative glow,
Lighting so faintly, that with every stride
One runs 'gainst craggy point or tree!
Shall I, a Will-o'-th'-Whisp provide?
There skips one—glaring right lustily,—
Holla my friend! dare I your dodging stay?
Why waste your flambeau uselessly away?—
Come here, and light us up this ravine's arching.

WILL-O'-TH'-WHISP.

With reverence, Sir, I purpose to be able,
To make my lighter nature move more stable;
But zigzag, is our *usual* style of marching!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

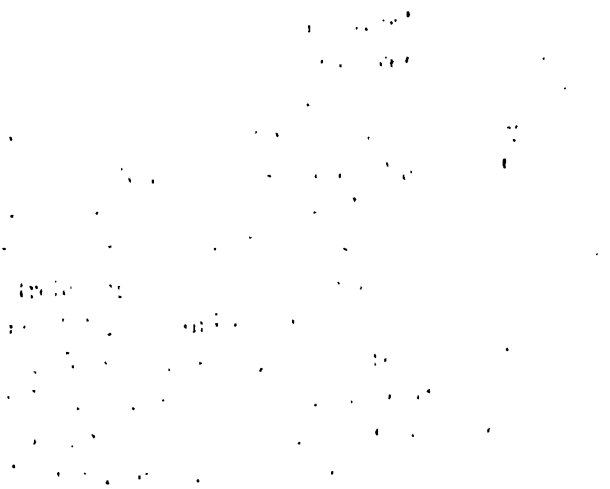
How? does he think to play man's humbug game—
Straight forward I say! i' th' Devil's name!
Or I will puff his flickering life-spark out.

WILL-O'-TH'-WHISP.

That you are Master here I have no doubt!—
I will endeavour, Sir, to do your pleasure;—
But pray reflect! that all is magic-mad to-night!
And since you've chose Will Whisp! your path to light,
His pursuivance, you'll not too nicely measure?—

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* WILL-O'-TH'-WHISP,
Alternately singing.

Into the dream-and-magic sphere
We've advanced, it would appear.



So lead us on with care and spirit,
That we surmount the upper summit,
And get the open waste in view.

Behold, how trees do trees pursue!
See how they gallop o'er the scene!—
The lofty cliffs do nod I ween,—
And the crags—gaunt noses sport!—
Hark! how they snore, and how they snort!

'Twixt the stones, and through the swarding,
Stream and rill are downward hurrying.
Hear I a whirlwind? hear I lauding?
Hear I blesséd bygone singing,
Such as on THAT morn the choir
Chaunted?—what we hope,—admire!
Which echo, like to an olden saying
On our ears, again is playing.

Uhu! Schuhu!—Owls fly over!
Coot, and jay, and crested plover,
Are ye all so wide awake?—
Are those Gnomes that thread the bush?
Paunchy long-legs! see how they rush!
And the roots, like wily snake,
Sally forth from clefts and sands,
Stretching out fantastic bands
To clutch us, and our courage shake!
The Masern pushes fibres forth
Like Polyp' feelers—from the earth
To snare the wanderer;—and the mice
Thousand coloured—numberless

Swarm through the moss and through the heath!—
And the Glow-worms rise in flights
With their juggling freakish lights
To act as guides, to the hordes beneath.

But tell me prithee if ye know,
Whether we stop, or onward go?—
About me all seems whirling so!
Rocks and trees, they cut grimaces,—
And the Jack-o'-th'-Lantern faces,
How they multiply!—and how they blow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Catch hold nimbly of my doublet!
Here is a sort of middle-summit,
From whence you'll see with upraised brows,
How Mammon through the mountain glows.

FAUST.

How strangely through the depths there shines
A gleam—like morning's lowering-red!
Even to the clefts, and dark ravines
Of the abyss, the glow has spread.
Here vapours—there dense smokes arise,—
And here it glares through the haze o' th' earth,—
Shrinking anon to a thread-like size,—
Then gushing like a torrent forth.—
Now it meanders for a space
In hundred veins the valley through,
Till in yon rocky nook's embrace
They meet—and *masse* anew,—

Hard-by sparks spout!—like golden sands
Scattered by the whirlwind's hands.
But see! to the mountain's utmost height,
ALL glows with an effulgent light!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Does not Sir Mammon on this feast-fall
Light up splendidly his Bullion-hall?
'Tis well that thou hast witnessed the event,—
The approach of roystering guests I scent!

FAUST.

Harkee! there's a hurricane raging aloft!
Its gusts on my neck I feel furious and oft.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hold stedfastly by the ribs of the rocks!
Or 'twill pitch thee over with one of its shocks.—
A murky fog thickens the darkness of night.—
Hark! the crash in the Woods, proclaims its might,—
The affrighted Owls are all on the wing,
And the Columns are bending and splintering
Of the evergreen Palaces!——
The moaning branches are rent from their places!
By the terrible lashings of the taller stems!
The roots creak and yawn of the sturdy Elms!—
In frightful confusion, all
Over each other fall,
And through the up-piled-forest's interstices
The wind howls and hisses.—
Dost not o'er head strange voices hear?
In the distance? in the near?—

The whole mountain ridge along
Streams a boist'rous magic-song.

WITCHES, *in chorus.*

The witches to the Brocken-hill draw,
Green's the corn, and yellow the stubble-straw.
All the witch Flights, do there collect,
And Sir Urian! sits in the chair of respect.—
So goes it o'er forest, o'er mountain, and dell,
The Witch and the He-goat, delectably smell.

A VOICE.

Beldam Baubo! comes alone, and slow,
Riding on the back of a brave milch sow!

CHORUS.

Be honour to whom high honour is due!
Forwards Dame Baubo! we'll be led by you.
'Tis an able-backed swine—our mother's astride,—
The Witch-Flights follow—behold! how they ride.

A VOICE.

By what way comest thou, fair sister of mine?

ANOTHER VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein!
I peep'd at the Owl on her nest—the jade!
What a pair of great eyes she made!

A VOICE.

O, go to hell!
Why ride you so fast—canst tell?

ANOTHER VOICE.

She has scalded me!—why zounds,
See here are the wounds!

WITCHES *(chorus.)*

The road is long—the road is broad,
What means this crowding of the horde?
The pitchforks prick—and the besom scratches,
The embryo's choked, and dead the hatch is!

WIZARDS *(half chorus.)*

We dawdle along, like the shell-housed snail,
The Witches are all on before, in full sail.—
So sure as *we're* bound to the house of sin!
By a thousand paces the women win.

WIZARDS *(the other half chorus.)*

More easily we such vexations take,—
A thousand long steps the women may make;
But let them hurry with all their might,
A man's but to leap—and he beats them outright.

A VOICE *(from above.)*

Come with us, come with us,—from Felsensee!

VOICES *(from below.)*

We wish we could join you, most ardently—
We wash, and we wash, and are gentle and fair,
But still everlastingly barren we are.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The winds are hush'd—and the star left its place!
The sickly moon hides gladly her face.
With a whizzing, the magical-choruses spout
Thousands of spangling-sparks about.

VOICE *(from below.)*

Stop!—Stop!—Holla!—Ho!—

VOICE *(from above.)*

Who calls us so loudly—from the chasm below?

VOICE *(from below.)*

Take me with you! take me with you! I tell you again!
Full three hundred years I've up-scrambled in vain,—
I've the summit in view, but I can't reach the bound,
With mine own near a-kin I long to be found.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The besom can carry—and so can the stick,—
The pitchfork and goat, can both do the trick.—
All they that can't mount, this day to the top,
Must down in the gulph everlastingly stop.

HALF-WITCH *(below.)*

I've tript on to catch ye long time, O la!
Pray how got the others a-head so far?
At home I've no quiet, and verily fear,
I shan't find myself any better off here.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Racy unguents alone, make Witches' nerves strong!
With a rag for a sail we scud fleetly along;

For us every trough is a vessel gay!—
Those never will fly, who fly not to-day!

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when we have circled the summit around,
Our flight we'll suspend, and light on the ground—
Bedeck we the heather-waste—broad and long,
With the whole of our Witches and Wizard throng!

The swarm alight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They jostle, and shove, and rattle—the rabble!
They hiss and they whirl, and bustle and gabble!
They blaze out and fiz, and burn and scent!
This is a veritable Witch-element!—
Keep you tight hold! or away you're rent—
Why where art thou now?

FAUST, *from a distance.*

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What so soon out of sight?—
Then must I assert my governing right.
Room! Sir Voland comes. Room! sweet people, room!
Doctor, take hold!—with a bound *sans* broom,
We'll escape from this gabbling mobbery;
'Tis even too wild and outrageous for me!—
Hard-by is a light of seldomest glare;
With magnet-like power, it allures us there—
Come on! for those reeds proffer secrecy.

FAUST.

Spirit of Contradiction, on! and do thy will,—
Yet mean I *they* are far from clever elves!
Who wander on May-eve to the Brocken-hill,
'Mongst reeds and bushes, to hide themselves.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There—where those variegated flames are trembling
Is a right jovial club assembling;—
One's not alone—even in *Man's* society.

FAUST.

Yet high above the Stars I fain would be!—
Now do I see a fervent fire and spiral smoke!—
To the Evil-place the million stride;
There—many Riddles will be untied!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And new Enigmas doubt and guess provoke.
Let the great-world, my friend, pursue its riot!
Whilst we enjoy ourselves in quiet;
For it has long time been beyond debate,
That in the greater-world—we lesser-worlds create.

I see young nymph-like Witches, hoping for caresses!
And old ones prudently in dresses.—
For my sake, show thyself affectionate,—
The trouble's small, the fun interminate.—
Methinks the sounds of instruments I hear!
Such scraping one must learn to bear!
But come along! sooth matters must be so.

To introduce you properly, I'll forwards go
Enhancing thereby your obligation.—
What say'st? this is no petty-ball-room vexation!
Take a good look within! canst scarcely see the end!—
From a hundred fires the splendid flames ascend;
They dance, and joke, and cook, and drink, and love;
Tell me! dost think there's better sport above?

FAUST.

Wilt thou, in thy quality of gentleman usher,
Appear as Devil, or Sorcerer?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have of late, assumed incognito,
But on a gala-day like this,—my Order show.
To sport the noble "Garter" I'm not able,—
Here is the "Horse's-hoof," right honourable.

Seest thou yon Snail approaching slow and steady
With feeling, telescopic eyes?—
She has scented me already;—
Even if I would, I cannot *here* disguise.
So forwards! 'bout fire and fire we'll hover,
I'll do the courtly wooer—you shall be the Lover.

To some who are sitting round nearly exhausted embers.

Old gentlemen, why mope ye and squat out here?
To mix with the dancers were praise-worthier—
Circled by revelry, and youthful riot!
At home ye have more than enough of quiet.

A GENERAL.

Who on a Nation's gratitude would trust!
Have I not toiled for years in its defence?—
'Tis with a people, as with woman!—ever must
Youth have the preference.

A MINISTER OF STATE.

All's out of tune and revolutional!
For the good old bygone-times I shout—
Those times,—when we were all-in-all!
Then was the golden age, beyond a doubt.

A PARVENU.

And very far from simpletons were we!
Sometimes perchance, we did the thing we should not!
Now every thing's turned topsy-turvy,
Just when we'd spend in style, our luck-begot.

AN AUTHOR.

Who now a work of sterling sense
Will read—or circumspectly con o'er?
As for our modern youths! their arrogance
Surpasses all that passed of yore.

MEPHISTOPHELES,

Who all at once appears very aged.

I find, that since last time I came this way,
The folk are medlar-ripe for th' "last day."
Even as my tub begins to run its dregs;
So is th' universe—on its last legs.

PEDLAR-WITCH.

Good gentlemen! I prithee pass not by!
Do not neglect this charming opportunity!
Examine thoroughly my stock of hardware—
You'll find each item apt—and very rare.
And yet is there not any thing in my store
That has not had its like before!
That has not oft, to the punishment
Of man and the world, its service lent.
There is no Dagger, that life-blood has not quaff'd,
No Cup, that has not held the scorching
Health-consuming draught,—
No Trinket, that's not led to woman's debauching,
No Sword, that has not severed a covenant,
Or stabbed in the back an opponent.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dear Aunty! what will'st with such antiquities?
Done is past—and past is out of fashion.
Thou must be trading in Novelties!—
After novelties alone—is the world's passion!

FAUST.

Zounds, I shall miss my own name presently!
This should a sort of yearly fair, or messé be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now,—upwards move the streaming throng,—
You think you push—and you are pushed along.

FAUST.

Who is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well—she's to the life!
Lilith is her name.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife,—
Be on your guard against her flowing tresses!
That lure, a magic power possesses;—
Snares she a Stripling by those charms,
He escapes not from her folding arms.

FAUST.

Yonder sit two—an old, and a young courtezan,—
They've whirled it bravely since the dance began.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why riot is the order of the day.
The dance begins again—select, and whirl away.

FAUST, *who dances with the younger.*

Once on a time I had a reverie!
I saw methought! a pretty apple tree—
Thereon two apples grew—surpassing fair!
I fancied them so much, that I drew near.

THE YOUNG WITCH.

Apples, I know you've long thought nice,
Even from Eva's sojourning in Paradise!

With thrilling joy, I beg you'd know
Such apples! in *my* garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with the old one.*

Once had I, a disgusting dream;—
I saw methought, a rended beam!
Within, an old Enchantress dwelt,
Whose face was covered o'er with felt.

THE OLD WITCH.

My greetings, and my best approof
To the gallant knight of the "Horse's hoof!"
Let him draw sword, and stand prepared
To assail th' Enchantress! if not scared!

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

Confounded rabble—insolent creation!
Have I not proved to a demonstration
That ghosts ne'er stand on common feet! when
Here I find all dance like men!

THE YOUNG WITCH, *dancing.*

What will that fellow at our ball?

FAUST, *dancing.*

O he's a sort of meddle-with-all!
Sooth every dance he affects to estimate,
And does he not each step affectionate,
Then is that step pronounced a nuisance—
What grigs him most—is when we all advance.
If in the giddy waltz you turn about,
As he is wont to do—like an old mill-horse,

Then you've his sanction and good will of course—
Most certain,—if you squeeze a flattery out!

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

What! still are ye there?—this is beyond a joke—
Vanish I say—WE have disabused the folk!—
This Devil's pack, break through all rules—undaunted!
Despite our care and wisdom—a house in Tegel's haunted.
Years have I warred, to cleanse the human mind
From ghost delusions—all's been in vain I find!

THE YOUNG WITCH.

Then cease to bring *us—your* vexation.

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell you Ghosts!—plump to your faces,
I'll not succumb to ghostly-domination;
My spirit spurns such fettering traces!

The dancing continues.

Well, well,—I shan't succeed to-day!
So being thus far, I'll make a little-round.—
Still do I hope before I turn to clay,
Both Devil and Poet to confound.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now will he go, and squat him in a ditch—
The solace most congenial to his fancy;
For when the horse-leech guzzles at his breech,
Then is he cured of ghosts and necromancy!

To FAUST, who has retired from the dance.

What! hast thou left that sweet girl's company
Who whilst you danced warbled such harmony?

FAUST.

Why, in the middle of her song—in very sooth,
A red mouse! sprang from out her mouth!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And what of that?—drop squeamishness I pray—
'Twas well the red mouse was not gray!
Who'd notice trifles—on a wooing-day?

FAUST.

And then I saw—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto—dost see the face
Of yon fair child?—so pale and wan!—alone she stands—
And shuffling moves from place to place
As were her feet in fettering bands.—
I must confess she seems to me
To bear the form of Margery.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No more of that!—'tis an unearthly symbol—
A magic statue—'tis lifeless—is an idol!
To look upon her face it were not good—
Her ghastly stare stagnates man's blood,
Turning to stone the fools who gaze on her—
You have heard the story of Medusa?

FAUST.

FAUST.

Sooth, those are the eyes of one that's dead,—
The which, no kindred hand hath press'd!—
That the fond bosom Margaret spread,—
That the fair body I caress'd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis sorcery!—thou rashly misled fool!—
T' assume a favoured form, is constantly her rule.

FAUST.

What rapture! yet what blighting agonies!
I cannot from her glassy glare withdraw mine eyes.—
'Tis passing strange!—that her so lovely neck
A *single* string of coral beads should deck—
And *that* no broader, than th' reverse of a knife!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art i' th' right—I see it on my life!—
She can carry her head beneath her arm-pit, thus!
For it was lopp'd off by Perseus.—
Thine is a voracious lusting for delusion!—
Come, let's mix in yonder hill's confusion,
There all goes merrily—as on the Prater;
And if they've not bewitched my visual sense,
Hard-by there stands an Amphitheatre!

SERVIBILIS enters.

What are the sports?

SERVIBILIS.

We're about to recommence.

FAUST.

'Tis a new piece—the last of seven d'ye see;
Plenty we always give—*we* are no braggarts!
'Twas written by a Dilettante—
And Dilettanti play the parts.
Pardon me, gentlemen! if I disappear,
Being the Dilettanti-curtain-overseer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That on the Blocksberg you do show your face
Is well!—it being aptly *blockheads'* proper place.

INTERMEZZO.

WALPURGIS NIGHT DREAM,

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN MARRIAGE.

THE STAGE MACHINIST.

Come at length is holiday
For th' working men of Miedings;—
Dewy vale, and mountain gray,
Are scenes for the Proceedings!

HERALD.

That it a GOLDEN-MARRIAGE be
Fifty nuptial-years are plight;
But if past is bravery!
Me, shall th' GOLDEN half delight.

OBERON.

If Sprites ye be, that round me stand,
Prove your high worth instanter!—
The King and Queen of Fairy-land
Again with Hymen banter.

PUCK.

Here comes Puck! who turns about
Switching his foot in dancing.
Behind him follow a merry rout
To join in his pleasancing.

ARIEL.

Ariel leads the song to-day,
His voice like magic flute is;
Rabble, sooth he lures this way,—
He also lures the "beauties."

OBERON.

Married folks, who would agree,
Must let *our* conduct guide them!—
If they would live right lovingly,
The best way's to divide them.

TITANIA.

Fidgets the wife, and mopes the man,
So grapple them directly,
Southward send *her* to Indostan,
And *him* beyond the White-sea.

ORCHESTRA TUTTI *(fortissimo.)*

Blue Fly's snout, and grey Gnat's nose,
With all their *snout* relations,—
Frog and Cricket,—they are chose
To be the chief musicians!

SOLO.

Lo! behold! here's Doodle-sack!
A soapen-bubble Losel;
Harkee! the Snail goes snick-snick-snack
Through his snubby nozel.

EMBRYO GENIUS.

Paunch of toad, and spider-legs,
And little wings the Wight has!
Although no perfect brute, he begs
To charm you with his stanzas.

TWIN DANCERS.

Little steps, and lofty jumps,
Through honey-dew and vapours;
'Tis true ye trip, and wag your rumps,
But ye do not cut good capers!

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

These must be *satire*-MASKS?—'tis odd!
Zounds! dare I trust my keen eyes,—
Bland Oberon, the handsome god
Seen here! in comely fairy guise?

THE ORTHODOX.

No claws! nor yet a tail on?—
Yet 'tis beyond all cavil,
That as each Greek god was a demon!
That *pry*-all, is a Devil.

A NORTHERN ARTIST.

What at present I pourtray
I own is rather sketchy;
But I'm for Rome without delay—
I go by Civita-*vetchy*.

PURIST.

Destiny, has brought me here
'Mongst wantons, so ill ordered!
Of all this witchcraft-brood I fear
That only *two* are powdered.

A YOUNG WITCH.

Powder, like the petticoat,
Is for you grey old ladies!
Therefore unveiled I ride my goat—
A youthful plump display 'tis.

A MATRON.

I've too much breeding, bold-faced Minx!
With such as you to callot;
Though young and plump, you'll get methinks!
Anon, the speedy *dry-rot*.

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA.

Blue Fly's snout and Gnat's proboscis,
Don't buzz about the young one!—
Arbour Frog, and Crick' in grass,
Keep tune! or zounds we're undone!

WEATHERCOCK *(on the one side.)*

A fine assemblage to look on!—
Maidens, suitor-seeking sooth—
And bachelors for every one!
Full of hope, and health, and youth!

WEATHERCOCK *(on opposite side.)*

If the flooring, does not yawn
And gulph them all together,
I'll, be off to hell 'fore morn,
And no more mind the weather.

XENIEN.

We as Insects fashioned are
With scissors sharp about us,
Old Nick, our much esteem'd Papa!
To honour as becomes us.

HENNINGS.

See! how the crowding pismire throng
Naïf, sport their nonsense;
At last they'll vouch it, bold and strong,
That each has got a conscience.

THE MUSAGET.

To mix amongst this witches'-brood
My antic fancy chooses;
For heretofore, I've understood
To show them off as Muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

By clever people I'm esteem'd;
So catch hold of my doublet!
Blocksberg th' Dutch Parnass' is deem'd,—
Broad-bottom'd is its summit.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Pray who is yon stiff, buckram-man?
How starch'd he makes his visits—
He sniffs, and snuffs, and sniffs agen—
"He's a *sniffer-out* of Jesuits!"

A CRANE.

I love to fish the stones atween,
Also in troubled waters;
E'en so, the pious man is seen
To mix with Satan's daughters.

THE WORLDLING.

Aye, aye, the saints are never still,
With every thing they grapple,
They plan e'en now, on the Brocken-hill,
Full many a little Chapel.

DANCERS.

Hark! another band accedes,
I hear the drums resuming;—
Be still!—'tis only 'mongst the reeds,
The long-legged Bittern booming.

DANCING MASTER.

How they throw their legs about,
And bridle up their faces;
Heavily jump the halt and stout,
Yet never ask how base 'tis?

THE GOOD-FELLOW.

Oh, how this rabble-pack bewray!
They are at heart assassins;
Yet th' Bagpipes' sound they all obey—
Like Orpheus' lyre,—the *Bruins!*

THE DOGMATIST.

It is so!—spite of all their cry,
Their doubts, and critic-cavils.
The Devil is something—certainly!
Else how could there be, He-devils?

THE IDEALIST.

This time methinks is Phantasy,
Inclined to be o'errulish,—
For were I what she'd have me be!
To-night I should be foolish.

THE MATERIALIST.

Body, to me is trouble!—and
The source of many sorrows!
For the first time!—I here do stand
Not firmly on my ten-toes.

SUPERNATURALIST.

With much delight am I come here
To join in fun redundant;
Judging from demons—it is clear,
Good angels are abundant.

THE SCEPTIC.

A flame they follow round about
And think on bliss they trench, Sir,
"To devil's rout" rhymes "devil's doubt,"—
Isn't that a downright clencher!

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA.

Frog and Cricket! ye are out
Confound such Dilettanti!
Brown Gnat's nose, and Blue Fly's snout,—
Ye are Hornists eleganté.

THE FLEXIBLE.

Sans-souci, we call our band
Of many a merry noddle;
Since on our feet we may not stand,
Upon our heads we toddle.

THE HELPLESS.

Time was, we something spunged each day,
But such good luck is now done,
So having danced our shoes away,
On our bare soles, we must run.

IGNES FATUI.

From vaporous quagmire we arose,
And thence we now are come, Sirs!
Yet do we shine i' th' capering rows
The brightest 'mongst the Dancers!

A FALLING STAR.

Like to a fiery star shot I,
From cerulean vault, so fleet;
Now broadside on the grass I lie,—
Will no one help me to my feet?

PLUMP SPIRITS.

Room! room! make way around!
We flatten the grasses you see;
As sprites we come!—Spirits are found
Just limbed like us! who plump be.

PUCK.

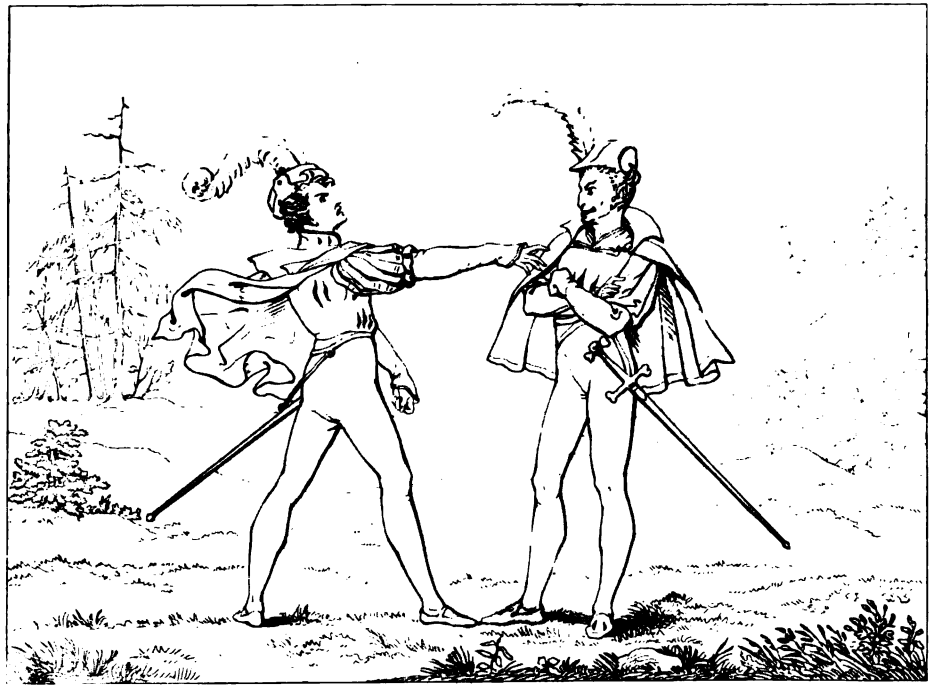
From stamping so, do pray desist,
Ye calves most elephantine!
PUCK! surely is the plumpest guest,
And treads he not bacchantine?

ARIEL.

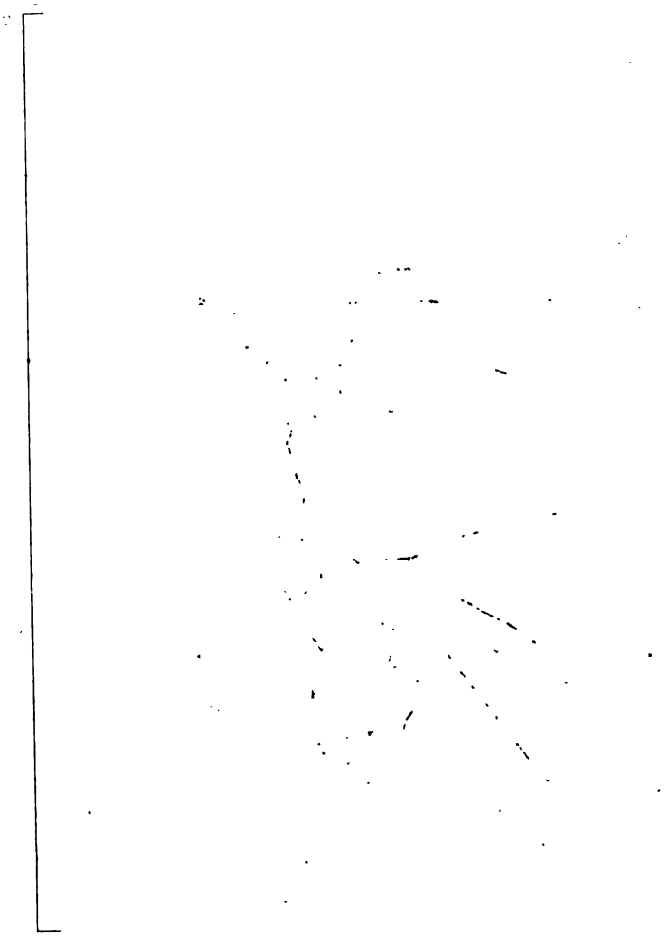
If ever bounteous Nature! or
Fair Genius gave you light wings!
So track my fairy footsteps for
The rose-clad mountain's bright springs.

ORCHESTRA *(pianissimo.)*

Hovering clouds, and dews recede,—
Brightly beams th' ethereal height!—
Come zephyr on leaf—and wind in reed,
Then fades away Walpurgis-night!



1. Hound! - disgusting monster!



A CLOUDY DAY.

FIELD.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

IN wretchedness! despairing! pitifully straying from place to place,—and now a prisoner!—That bland, unfortunate creature! fettered and cast into a dungeon as a malefactor, and abandoned to the most heart-rending griefs!—That it should come to this! to *this!*—and yet all this didst thou hide from me,—treacherous, unworthy Spirit!—Not from the place!—Aye, let thy rancorous and fiendish eyeballs roll!—Stand I say! that so thy loathéd presence insult me!—Imprisoned!—in irreparable distress! delivered over to the upbraidings of evil spirits, and the judgments of an *unfeeling* world!—And me the while, thou wert cradling in thy vapid dissipations!—hidst from me the secret of her *growing* sorrow—and without an effort didst suffer her to sink?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound! disgusting monster!—transform him, thou infinite Spirit! O, change the reptile back to his cur

proportions,—to such as he assumed, when it did please him to frolic before me,—and with black intent rolled at my feet, only to hasten the falling, and weigh on the neck of the overburthened, harmless wanderer! Oh change him, Great Spirit! back to his *favourite* form—to that in which he bellied the sand,—that so I may spurn with my foot, the Reprobate!—Not the first? Oh woe!—beyond the grasp of the human mind to conceive how more than ONE created Being e'er sunk to such a state of wretchedness;—that the *first* in her writhing death-struggle was not atonement ample for ALL, in the eyes of the EVER-FORGIVING!—this *one instance* of misery, digs deeply into the marrow of my existence—yet *thou* dost unconcernedly—grin over the ill destiny of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now are we again at the very boundary of our wits,—precisely there, where the mind of Man so often snaps. Why didst seek our fellowship, not having nerve to carry thee through?—Wouldest soar! and art not proof 'gainst dizziness? Did WE intrude ourselves on thee, or thou on us?

FAUST.

Bare not thy ravening fangs on me—I loathe thee!—Great and Glorious Spirit! Thou who didst hold me worthy of communion face to face—Thou to whom my heart and soul are known! O, why didst thou mate me to that mass of Infamy!—to Him, whose food is mischief—whose joy is in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Art about to finish?

FAUST.

Rescue her—or woe on thee!—the horrible curse of a thousand years be on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I, cannot loose the bands of the Avenger, or his dungeon bolts withdraw. Save her—who ruined her? thou or I?

FAUST looks around him very wildly.

What! wouldst clutch at the thunderbolts?—HE, did well not to intrust you wretched mortals with them! ——it is true tyranny-fashion, to get rid of difficulties by sacrificing the innocent!

FAUST.

Convey me to her—she *shall* be freed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wilt risk it?—Know, that blood is on the town, shed by *thy* hand! Over the "place of strife" hover the avenging spirits, watching for the return of the Murderer!

FAUST.

That was wanting!—The curse of a perishing world be on thy head, Monster!—lead me to her dungeon, instantly I say!——and be she liberated!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee—and what I can do—do!—Harkee! dost think I have all power in heaven and earth?—The Jailer's senses I will becloud; *thou* must possess thyself

of his keys, and lead her forth with mortal hand. I, keep guard!—the magic horses are in readiness!—So far have I power.

FAUST.

Away! away then!———

NIGHT.—AN OPEN HEATH.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES in full gallop,—mounted on Black Horses covered with foam.

FAUST.

What weave they around the Raven-stone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Can't say what they may be concocting.

FAUST.

They hover, and alight—they bow and bend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a Witch and Wizard community.

FAUST.

They scatter, and consecrate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On!—On!

DUNGEON.

FAUST,

With a bunch of keys and a lamp—at an iron door.

Unwonted shudderings deaden my energy—
The woes of all mankind seem grappling me!—
Here should she house, in dark and dank seclusion,
And her transgression was?—a generous delusion!—
Thou dost hesitate to advance!
Thou dost fear her eye's upbraiding glance?
Forwards!—thy tarrying lures on death.

He seizes the lock—a singing is heard within.

My mother, the wanton,
She killéd me!
My father, the rogue,
'Twas that ate me!
My little sister, she
Picked up my bones,
And laid them under
Cold marble stones;—
Then was I a pretty little wood-bird for aye;
Singing, fly away! fly away!—

FAUST, *unlocking the door.*

She little thinks her lover, list'ning stands,—
Hearing th' straw rustle—and the clank of bands!

MARGARET.

Woe! woe!—they come!—oh 'tis a bitter thing to die!

She hides her face in the straw.

FAUST, *softly.*

Hush! hush! my Love, I bring thee liberty.

MARGARET, *rushing towards him.*

Art thou a man!—then feel for the distress'd.

FAUST.

Thy shrieks will break the sleeping jailor's rest!

He unlocks her fetters.

MARGARET *falls on her knees.*

Headsman! who has given thee the power
To drag me forth at the midnight hour?—
Do let me live! be *thou* merciful towards me!—
Is it not soon enough—when matin bell has rung?

She rises.

I am very, very young!—so young—
And am to die so speedily!
I was comely too!—but that was my calamity.—
Then was my Lover near—all is now reversed!
Torn is my chaplet—and its lovely flowers dispersed.
Go back!—handle me not with brutality!
More gently, pray?—what have I done to *thee?*—
Let me not unavailingly implore—
I never to my knowledge saw thy face before!

FAUST.

Can I support this trial—passing sore?

MARGARET.

I know full well that I am in your might.—
First let me suckle my poor infant—
It lay on my throbbing heart all night—
They took it from me with bad intent;
And now they say, "She has made away with it!"
I never more shall have a joyful minute.
They sing songs about me!—that's very malignant
Of the folk!—so an old legend ended—
Who can say it was for *me* intended?

FAUST,

Throwing himself at her feet.

A suppliant lover on his bended knee
Implores thee—to accept of liberty.

MARGARET,

Throws herself on her knees beside him.

Let us both kneel, and offer to the Saints our prayers!—
See! see!—beneath the stairs,
Under the door-sill
Seethes hell!
The Evil One,
With terrible wrath,
Is rumbling i' th' earth.

FAUST, *loudly.*

Margery! Margery!

MARGARET, *astounded.*

That was his friendly voice!

She jumps up—the fetters fall off.

Where is he? I heard him call me.
I am free! no one shall bar me from my choice.
To his arms I will fly!—
On his bosom lie!
He called Margery!—he stood on the door-sill.—
Notwithstanding the howlings and shoutings of hell,
Their malice and fiendish abuse,
I distinguished his harmonious voice!

FAUST.

I am he!

MARGARET.

Thou art?—once more say so!

Throwing herself in his arms.

'Tis he! 'tis he!—whither has fled my woe?
Whither my chains and my captivity?
'Tis Henry! art come my bonds to sever!—
I am liberated—for ever!—
Even now, the very street I see
Where first I caught a glimpse of thee!—
And the garden too, so gaily varied,
Where I and Martha often tarried.

FAUST, *persuasively.*

Come—*do* come with me!

MARGARET.

Stay yet a while!—
I while so willingly, when you the time beguile.

Coaxingly.

FAUST.

Let us away—
If thou dost longer stay
Dreadful will be the penalty!

MARGARET.

What! hast thou no kisses left for me?
My bosom's friend—so short a time apart!
And forgotten are the kisses of the heart?—
Why on thy neck feel I this tremor?—
Thy words, thy smile
Were heaven to me erewhile—
And thou didst kiss me *then*, with stifling rapture.
Now kiss me!—
Or I'll kiss thee!

She embraces him.

Ah!——thy lips are cold!
And motionless.
Where is thy true loving
Roving?
Who, who has robbed me of thy tenderness?

She turns from him.

FAUST.

Courage, dear Margery!—do but accompany thy lover,
And he will press thee to his heart more tenderly than ever;
Come with me—'tis all I ask—I ask but *that* of thee!

MARGARET,

Turning again towards him.

Art thou then really he?—Art Henry?

FAUST.

Indeed I am!—come with me, Margery!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt make me fetter-free,
Wilt again take me on thy knee?
How is't thou dost not shrink and shiver
At sight of me?—does my friend know who it is he
would deliver?

FAUST.

Come!—the night is nearly spent.

MARGARET.

My mother to her long home I sent.
I drownéd my poor infant.
Was it not to thee, and me, a present?
Equally to thee—art he?—is it no hope-engendered gleam?
Give me thy hand!—it is *verily* no dream!
'Tis thy dear hand!—Ah! it is wet—
Wipe it! on my word
There's blood on it.—
O God! *whose* blood hast thou spilt?
Put up thy sword;
I beg thou wilt!

FAUST.

Give to what is past—no utterance breath!
Or thou wilt cause my death.

MARGARET.

No, no, THOU must be left behind!
I will describe how the graves are plann'd in my mind.
For these abiding places of sorrow
Thou must provide to-morrow;—
The best place must be given to mother,
By her side be laid my brother,—
Me,—a distance off—o' th' side,
But prithee, not *too* wide!
And place baby on my right breast,—
No one else by me would rest!
To have lain by *thy* side
Would have been my joy, my pride!
But that can no more be.——
I feel as had I to force myself to thee,
As *from* thee, thou didst push me;—
Yet thou art HE! looking so kind, so heavenly.

FAUST.

If thou dost really think so, then ascend the stair!

MARGARET.

That way?

FAUST.

Into the free and ambient air.

MARGARET.

Is the grave out there?
If death be lurking—come!
From here, to the weary traveller's home!

Not one step farther—
Thou art going? O Henry! would that I might accompany thee.

FAUST.

Thou canst! display thy will! the portal's free.

MARGARET.

I dare not forth; no! no hope is left for me.
O'er all they lurk—it is in vain to flee!—
'Twould be a wretched thing to beg one's bread
With a conscience over-burthenéd!
'Twould be a wretched thing to stray from place to place!
Where'er I went, my footsteps they would trace!

FAUST.

But I would bear thee company.

MARGARET.

Quickly! quickly!
Save thy poor child.—
Forwards! keep by the creek edge
Up the stream,
Over the plank bridge
Into the wood beyond
To the left—where a beam
Dips in a pond.—
Grasp it quickly!
It will rise again you'll see,———
It struggles yet!
Save it! save it!

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FAUST.

Collect thy wandering thoughts—poor dear !
One step, and thou art free—as the air !

MARGARET.

Were we once beyond thé hill !
There sits my mother on a cold stone,
————The thought freezes my brain !
There sits my mother on a cold stone,
And rocks her head still ;
She neither beckons nor nods, her head is heavy, and in pain
She has slept so long—she will never awake again.—
She slept—that we might caress.
Oh ! those were hours of happiness !

FAUST.

Here, helps no imploring—no delay ;
I must venture to bear her away.

MARGARET.

Unhand me !—I will not brook compulsion !—
Do not clasp me so assassin-like !—
What heretofore befel—was all from pure affection !

FAUST.

The morning breaks !—O my beloved one ! come away—

MARGARET.

Morning ? aye the day does dawn—on comes my final day !
My marriage-day it should have been !——
Tell to no one, that thou hast Margery's chamber seen.

Alas! for my garland's fragrance!
'Tis rent in twain!—
We shall meet again;
But not at the dance.—
The multitude press on—not a word is heard.
The streets, and open space,
Contain not the populace.—
The bell tolls,—the wand is severed;—
They manacle, and bind me tight!—
To the blood-stool I am tethered.—
Every neck winces at sight
Of the sharp steel, that must *mine* disunite.—
The world is silent as the grave!—

FAUST.

Would that I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(appearing at the door.)*

To horse! or you are lost.
Useless delay! why this babbling and lingering!
My horses are shivering!—
The morning twilight's forth!

MARGARET.

What's that rising from out the earth?
He! he!————send him hence;
What will He! in this blessed sanctuary?
He wants my existence!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live and be happy.

MARGARET.

To thy judgments, O Lord! I have commended me.

MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.

Come! come! or I'll leave thee, with her—in jeopardy.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, heavenly Father!—O save me!—
Ye angels! ye blessed Hosts! compassionate
Me!—watch over, and protect me!————
Henry!————I tremble for thy fate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is dooméd!

VOICE *(from above.)*

Is ransoméd!

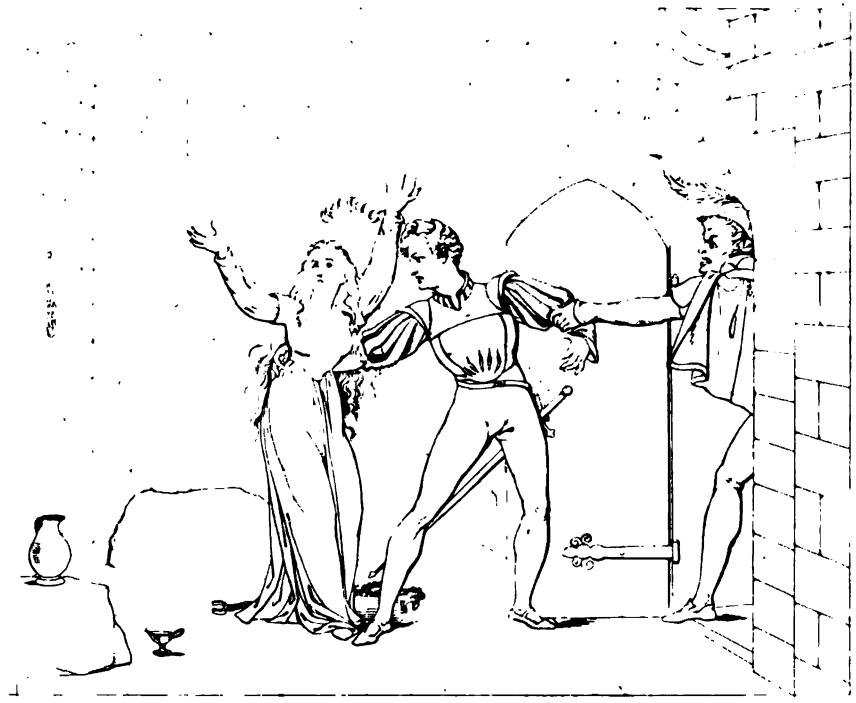
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hither to me!

Disappears with FAUST.

VOICE *from within, with prolonged sound.*

Henry! Henry!



NOTES AND REMARKS.

NOTES AND REMARKS.

PAGE 1.

INVOCATION.

THIS impassioned Ode was not appended to the early editions of Faust.—I have felt some difficulty in giving it a title, it not being strictly either an Address, Dedication, or Invocation,—I have chosen the latter as being most in keeping with the first and fourth stanzas.

PAGE 5.

THE PRELUDE.

Besides the wit and beautiful poetry which it contains, it should be esteemed for the clue it gives to the peculiar character of the Tragedy of Faust—the founding of the plot in heaven—dashing into human nature, and ending by an *inferred* transit to another region. The three principals in the Thespian company, the Manager, the Comic Friend, and the Poet, are represented as in conversation; the Manager contemplates something great and uncommon, and applies to the Poet (*by licence* Goethe) who appears not "i' th' vein" for the desired species of composition; the Comic Friend rallies him on his reluctance to write for the *million*—his classical proprieties—his idea of composing only that which would be worthy of himself, and be appreciated by posterity! and recommends his founding a piece on human nature, depicting in strong tints the Passions, not forgetting to work in a due portion of fun. The Manager advises that it should be in *parts*, and embrace the whole creation! for which purpose he

places at the disposal of the Comic Friend and the Poet his whole stock of scenery and dramatic properties, ending with

> In fact, cram in, without a hesitation
> The Whole—the mighty round of the creation!
> And change the scenes adroitly—quick and well,
> From Heaven, by way of Earth—to Hell.

Which random shot, it may be supposed catches the Poet's fancy, and he goes to work—the Tragedy of Faust is the result, planned in every respect according to the hints thrown out.

Page 8, Line 1.

> Boys, butchers, students, snip and snob.

I have taken in this instance a trifling liberty with Goethe in order that my translation might flow—it amounts however *only* to particularizing the mob, and comparing the crowd at the booth-barrier to the rush made by a number of foals to enter a known pasturage when the field gate is opened. Snip and snob, cant names for tailor and shoemaker.

Page 8, Line 24.

> O preach no more 'bout what the after-world may say,
> Suppose POSTERITY were all the question, &c.

This passage, which formed the first line of my extracts of translation, has been objected to by some German critics as not being rendered close enough to the original. I have however thought proper to retain it, rather than attempt a fruitless alteration.

It is one of those passages, which if more verbally rendered would be flat and spiritless—and therefore demands of the translator an equivalent. They certainly are *not* the two most effective lines in Goethe—and are

> Wenn ich nur nichts von Nachwelt hören ſollte;
> Geſetzt das ich von Nachwelt reden wollte.

I do not think it possible to give them closely in the English language,—and at the same time forcibly. The equivalent I offer has done no violence to Germanism, and when translated is nationally idiomatic.

To corroborate my opinion that Goethe may not always be closely rendered, I instance page 7, line 9, where I have introduced the word "methinks," which is *not* in Goethe, and thereby have rendered a passage clear, which otherwise would be incorrect if put in English.

PAGE 9, LINE 1.

The aid of a quaint good-humour'd chap
May prove to you Sir, no mishap.

Die Gegenwart von einem braven Knaben,
Iſt, dacht' ich, immer auch ſchon was.

The Comic Friend can mean no one but himself—and the assistance he might render the poet by dramatic suggestions. The word Knaben cannot in this place be rendered literally, to do so would be as outré as were a German to translate James the First's expression of "Baby Buckingham," by "Kindlein Buckingham."

PAGE 11, LINE 22.

Who props Olympus—reconciles the Gods?

This beautiful climax alludes to the power of Poetry, and the hand Poets have had in softening the quarrels of the gods and goddesses, and the still upholding mythology by their writings.

PAGE 12, LINE 24.

Then lay the world in mist concealed;	Da Nebel mir die Welt verhüllten,
My bud, fair wonders then bespoke:	Die Knoſpe Wunder noch verſprach,
The thousand flowrets then I broke	Da ich die tauſend Blumen brach,
That richly every vale revealed.	Die aller Thäler reichlich füllten.

I think there can be no doubt that the *Bud* mentioned, is the Poet before reaching manhood—when the ways of the world were little known to him,—and Nature but a delightful and poetic garden.

PAGE 17, LINE 1.

The Sun, in soft accord, as wont of old.

Goethe in this magnificent passage I think alludes to innumerable

suns and systems, not to the spheres only, that pertain to and circle round our sun: the expression is Bruderſphären, *brother* spheres, or equal suns, centres of systems.

LINE 4.

Closing in thunder sounds—their circuit years!

The Archangel Raphael may be supposed standing in Space, near to where this our Sun approaches in performance of *his* circuit, and describes the accompanying increase of sound as resembling thunder, —which in the distance he compared to soft accord, or the rival singing of the brother spheres.

Gabriel takes up the praise, and describes the motion and attributes of the Earth.

PAGE 21, LINE 11.

Like to the far-famed serpent, my maternal aunt.

The serpent of Paradise; those who have thought Mephistopheles and Satan to be one and the same, are here informed of his relationship.

LINE 15.

The Wag's the one I lightest execrate.

I have chosen Wag in preference to rogue,—the passage relating to wit, quaintness, and cleverness.

LINE 22.

The Crescentive that ever lived and wrought.

I can find no word that comes nearer to the meaning implied, than Crescentive—das Werdende, as a power or attribute, is growth, increase, and continuation; the action of the living principle being understood. See note to page 30. Goethe uses the word in page 12, line 18,

But growing minds are grateful for your hints,
Ein Werdender wird immer dankbar ſeyn,

which passage relates to youth advancing to manhood both in mind and body. It is inferred in the biblical expression "increase and multiply."

PAGE 22, LINE 3.

'Tis vastly flattering on my word.

Believing it to be Goethe's intention, I have introduced before the two last lines (To the Pit) as in page 21, after line 15, (To the Heavenly Host,) to make the text more clear—by doing so in this instance the sting of the foregoing colloquy is much blunted.

PAGE 26, LINE 16.

Wouldst show thy pensive, friendly brow. Trübſel'ger Freund erſcheinſt du mir!

Goethe here passes by a quick transition from the moonbeam to the visual full moon, and says, trübſel'ger Freund, which can only mean sad or pensive—and refers to the dark parts of the moon's disk, which pictures to the imagination a sorrowful or pensive face.

PAGE 27, LINE 15.

Written by Nostrodamus' hand.

An astrologer of St. Remi in Provence, (Michel Notredame,) born 1503.

PAGE 29, LINE 23.

Powerfully thou hast drawn me near — Du haſt mich mächtig angezogen,
Thyself long nurtured on MY SPHERE. — An meiner Sphäre lang' geſogen.

The Spirit expresses astonishment at one born and nurtured for fifty years on his sphere the Earth, having the power to draw HIM into his presence.

PAGE 30, LINE 14.

A frightened, writhing, pathway worm! Ein furchſam weggekrümmter Wurm!

The Spirit's intention is to taunt and lessen Faust, who by his aspirings has thrown himself in his way—instead of rendering it "a frightened, flying-crooked-worm," which might have pleased some

persons more; I have been inclined to consider the word "weg," as here relating to the worm most commonly seen—the pathway worm —the worm that we often see writhing in our path from having received a hurt, owing to its being out of its proper habitat, and trespassing as it were on man's path, analogous to Faust forcing himself into the Spirit's presence. Page 36, Faust says,—

"Dem Wurme gleich' ich, der den Staub durchwühlt;
Den, wie er sich im Staube nährend lebt,
Des Wandrers Tritt vernichtet und begräbt."

PAGE 30, LINE 15.

Vision of Flame.

The Spirit of the Earth is very aptly represented as appearing in form of flame.—As Goethe in the description which the Spirit gives of himself in the lines that follow, and in several other places, particularly in page 21, line 22, and page 67, line 5, seems to have had in his eye the philosophy of the Ionian school, I will make an extract, which will serve for reference on other occasions.

"Agreeing in the hypothesis of a primeval state of things, they differed widely in the mode in which they accounted for existing phenomena out of the primeval substance.

"One theory endued the *universe* with *life*, and considered the orderly procession of all things to be a spontaneous development of a pre-existent germ of life. A second accounted for all apparent alteration in the form and qualities of natural bodies, by certain changes in the outward relations of space; and proceeded on the supposition of *certain permanent material elements which change places in obedience to motion*, either originally inherent in, or extrinsically impressed on the mass.—The latter is the mechanical, the former the dynamical theory of nature. Of the dynamical theorists, Thales first of all taught that all things are *pregnant with life;* that the seed or germ of vitality, which is in all things, is *water*, because all seed is moist and humid. Of this potentially living entity, Anaximenes advanced a still worthier representation, and taught that the primeval substance is infinite and sensuously imperceptible. This principle is analogous to the animal soul, and as the animal soul governs the body, so the universal soul *rules and embraces* all things.

Diogenes made a still farther advance, and maintained that the harmony and design of the mundane fabric suggest the unity and intelligence of its first principle. This principle however he considered as simply physical, and only distinguished from natural phenomena in this, that while it is infinite as the principle of all, they are finite.

"Still bolder was the flight of Heraclitus, who taught that the world is an *ever-living* being, a *rational fire*, whose vitality involves a tendency to *contrarieties*, and is ever passing from want to satiety.

"The MECHANICAL theory is first opened by Anaximander, who flourished soon after Thales: he conceived the ground, both of *production* and *motion*, to be an eternal substance, which he called the infinite, and wherein the immutable elements were indistinguishably combined. Out of this chaos certain primary contrarieties, as he conceived them, cold and warm, earth and heaven, were first evolved, and in the course of certain separations and combinations alternately proceeding, more perfect forms are spontaneously developed, to be ultimately resolved into the homogeneous primary.

"After the long interval of a century, Anaxagoras revived the mechanical physiology, and distinctly advanced the principle on which it rests, that nothing is changeable, but that the nature of every thing is permanent. Anaxagoras seizing the contrariety of the *moving* and the moved, which the mechanical theory is so well calculated to exhibit, he defined the latter to be extended antilypous bulk, inert body, infinitely multiple both in qualities and parts. *The moving principle*, on the contrary, *is perfect, simple, and homogeneous —soul or spirit, which, as* MOVING *the elements into combinations of order and beauty, is endued with the faculty of knowing and surveying what ever was, and is, and shall be.*"

LINE 25.

> At the ever-buzzing loom of Time weave I
> A living garment for the Deity.

Descriptive of the surface of the earth, or the productions and growth of the vegetable kingdom.

PAGE 31, LINE 9.

O Death! I know't!—it is my Familiar—

As this passage may cause discussion, owing to the way in which I have, after the utmost consideration, found myself constrained to render it—and as that differs from other translations, and the authority of the German stage—I feel it to be incumbent on me to put forth my reasons, and the sanction I obtain from Goethe himself in the context, and subsequent passages, when allusion is made to this scene—*fully*.—I approach the subject with the utmost diffidence—yet is my conviction that I have grasped the right sense so strong, that it would have been dastardly in me to have translated it otherwise. I shall commence by quoting the whole passage.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.	Geiſt.
Thou dost resemble only such as thou canst understand,	Du gleichſt dem Geiſt dem du begreifſt,
Not me! [Disappears.	Nicht mir! [Verſchwindet.
FAUST, *much confused.*	Fauſt zuſammenſtürzend.
Not thee!	Nicht dir?
Who then?	Wem den?
I, that am the image of the Deity,	Ich Ebenbild der Gottheit,
Not worthy to compare with thee?	Und nicht einmal dir!
(A knock.)	(Es klopft.)
O Death! I know't!—it is my Familiar—	O Tod!—ich kenn's!—das iſt mein Famulus—
Doom'd are my splendid hopes—my high career!	Es wird mein ſchönſtes Glück zu nichte!
Alas! that the *fulness* of the flame-clad Vision	Daß dieſe Fülle der Geſichte
Should thwarted be, by th' sapless SNEAKER'S intercision.	Der trockne Schleicher ſtören muß!

The question is as to Famulus—which can only be understood I conceive in three ways. 1st. As meaning a poor student, attendant, or amanuensis in its general acceptation, ready to act in that capacity to any Doctor or superior of the College; if such a person were intended by Goethe, this Famulus would be hunting about the cloisters at near *midnight* on Easter-eve for a job;—but that supposition is so vague, that I have found no one inclined to lay stress on such an one being intended in the passage, besides which there is no corresponding character in, or alluded to throughout the Drama. It is true in the Second Part a Famulus is once introduced, who *there*

answers the description of an inferior collegiate—or ancient bit of college furniture.

2ndly. Wagner, considered as Faust's subordinate and familiar friend, yet a regular student looking forward to degrees. This is the accepted Famulus of the Stage, &c.

3rdly. The Familiar, or Spiritus Familiaris of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, considered only in a superstitious point of view as precursor, or intimator of approaching death, which it makes known to the living by the signal "a knocking." I have understood it in that sense for several reasons;—because it adds dignity to the passage if so rendered, which would otherwise appear poor, untrue, and unnatural—because I think myself fully borne out in believing Goethe meant it so, by the circumstances of the moment, and the mention made *of the interview with the Spirit* in pages further on by Faust—the allusions made by Mephistopheles when he would aggravate and lessen Faust in his own estimation—and because I cannot make it apply with any correctness to Wagner, in Goethe's delineation of their respective characters. I will now proceed to *my* reasons for believing that Goethe did *not* mean Wagner,—which if I prove I shall mainly establish my position.

1st. Neither Wagner nor any other Famulus had to do with the *disappearance* of the Spirit of the Earth, for the Spirit vanished after the words "Not me," which was some time *before the knocking*. Had Faust, when the knocking *was* heard, supposed it proceeded from Wagner, would not his expression have been that of haste and vexation? but no, it was followed by O Tod!—which cannot be translated as importing s'death! or the Devil! but only—O Death! which is the heartfelt ejaculation of a mind finding itself o'erpressed and unexpectedly about to be cut off from a desired object by an all-powerful intruder. Had Wagner's intrusion been contemplated, would not such intrusion have been followed by reproof? yet Wagner does enter, and no reprimand takes place—on the contrary, the mind of Faust is calmed, and he discourses most collectedly.

2ndly. I cannot possibly conceive that the correct Goethe would have put into the mouth of Faust such an expression as this, Es wird mein ſchönſtes Glück zu nichte! if he intended to allude to Wagner; for the Spirit *had already* disappeared before the knocking—he consequently had nothing to *destroy*, past, present, or in future—nor

could the high mind of Faust be permitted to feel for a moment that a College Famulus! one of inferior rank and knowledge, could destroy his bright aspirings—that he could allude to Wagner's frightening away the Great Spirit! is out of the question,—for the Spirit had disappeared before the knocking was heard.

3rdly. The term "trockne Schleicher," is a most disdainful, sarcastic, and angry expression, and could hardly be applied by Faust to his most confidential student, and that student a *young man*—one whom he terms the meek, simple, or single-hearted, as ärmlichſten may be rendered. It is true Wagner is as yet, only the studious book-learned scholar of crude ideas—for Faust does not appear to have imparted to him, up to this time, the results of his own reading and study of man and things; he was therefore only what any young, *studious* scholastic would be,—in fact what Faust himself had been; and consequently not likely to be assailed by such a heartless, opprobrious epithet—far from it, for Faust receives him more kindly than could be expected from any one, in the midst of such excitement as he had recently undergone;—he converses with him —confidentially imparts to him his knowledge and experience on several important subjects—selects him as companion for the next day's stroll into the country, and then intrusts him with a secret affecting his own life. He addresses him first in the third person, "Er," but soon passes to the more intimate "Du," which is retained ever after—using also a term of equality, "Mein Freund."

As to Wagner answering the description of a formal dry fellow, (beyond the studious student) or a stupid, half-witted collegian, is far from the truth, as appears by the subsequent conversations, particularly the passages beginning

> Welch ein Gefühl, mußt du, o großer Mann!
> Exalted man! what must thy feelings be?

page 52, and

> Wie könnt ihr euch darum betrüben!
> How canst thou on such score so cherish grief?

page 53, which is exceedingly shrewd: and the passage

> Berufe nicht die wohl bekannte Schaar,
> Invoke not, Sir, those well-known swarms,

page 56, which is highly imaginative and poetical:—and as if

Goethe had a suspicion that such an idea might arise and be attached to Wagner; and as it were determined to rescue him from that construction,—he makes him figure in the Second Part of Faust, as the highly-learned and celebrated Doctor Wagner! one who had carried scholastic and other knowledge, even beyond Dr. Faust, HE having created "the Homunculus." Before I close this part of my defence, I must say, that had the allusion been to Wagner as Famulus, I do not think Goethe would have expended four "!" on the passage, but would have made Faust to shout out, Come in!—as he did to Mephistopheles, page 74; whereas after Wagner awaiting in vain the invite, (for Faust's mind was not at that moment dwelling on Wagner, but on Death!) he enters, and gives a reason, in language anything but servile, for the intrusion. That the knock was Wagner's is very clear: what I am arguing for is this—that the all-absorbing impression on Faust's mind at *that moment* was, that the signal given *was* by the Familiar Spirit, and that that signal was an intimation of his death being at hand. My reasons for thinking that Goethe meant the Spiritus Familiaris when he made the exclamation, are as follow.

1st. He does not reprove Wagner for the intrusion, even in the most distant way—nor does he refer to the circumstance, to his feelings, or to the Spirit, in any conversation *with* Wagner.

2ndly. He uses the neuter article "Das iſt mein Famulus," which being a word adopted from the Latin, would retain its gender—then again the impersonal pronoun, "Es wird, u. ſ. w."——on which grammatical constructions I will not press, knowing that "Es" is idiomatical, although "Der" in the first instance, and "Er" in the second, might be equally euphoniously used—but on the following I cannot but lay stress, "Der trockne Schleicher." Who can the definite article allude to but THE dry or sapless SNEAKER, Death! pictorially, or as a personation, in his anguish at the thought of being cut off from communion with the Great Spirit, and the hoped-for fulness or fruition expected to follow;—his mind goes from the ideal to the personal Death,—Goethe having possibly in view Holbein's Dance of Death! where Death is really represented as the intruding SAPLESS SNEAKER! And let no one think that I am fanciful, or overstepping the rules of proof in this instance, for it is nothing uncommon for Goethe to travel by a quick transition from the ideal to the physical,

as in that beautiful apostrophe to the moon, page 26, " Oh that thy beams, fair moon," ending with " trübſel'ger Freund," or " pensive friend," which can only mean the visual gloomy or pensive face of the full moon: therein he goes from the influence of the moon's beams, to the physical appearance of the moon, as *here* from the moral death to the skeleton Death. Also, page 14, line 5, where the Poet is told to seize Resolution by the hair, and force him to work.

Having offered the foregoing as MY REASONS for believing that Wagner is not the Famulus meant, I now go to passages in *this* Drama, where the interview with the Spirit is alluded to by Faust when alone, and which I will call AUTHORITY FROM GOETHE. That the demon or Familiar was meant, who acted as the herald of death, and not Wagner, page 35, line 11, will tend to prove.

Doch ach! für dießmal dank ich dir,
Dem ärmlichſten von allen Erdenſöhnen.
Du rißeſt mich von der Verzweiflung los,
Die mir die Sinne ſchon zerſtören wollte.

For once I feel kind thanks unbound
Towards Thee—poor single-hearted child of clay!
Yes, thou didst tear me from a hopeless fate,
Just when Despair my mind would overturn.

Faust here actually thanks Wagner from his heart, for dispelling by his intrusion the *despair* of his mind. Now mark! The Spirit had vanished,—a short remark had been made,—the knocking had been heard,—and the soliloquy commencing " O Death!" had been spoken, before Wagner entered. To identify the passage, the *Despair*, and the occasion of it, must be found.—We cannot surely seek it in the high, proud, and authoritative tone and words which Faust used towards the Spirit, page 30.

Soll ich dir Flammenbildung weichen?
Ich bin's, bin Fauſt, bin deines Gleichen!

What! shall I shrink from thee, Vision of Flame?
No, I am he!—thine equal—Faust my name!

Or in what followed the vanishing of the Spirit.

Nicht dir?	Not thee?
Wem denn?	Who then?
Ich Ebenbild der Gottheit!	I that am the image of the Deity
Und nicht einmal dir!	Not *worthy* to compare with thee?

Certainly not—*but in the very passage in question*—the belief of the immediate approach of Death, which would annul for ever his hope of knowing more! The knock, which was Wagner's, he, in the moment of excessive agitation took for the announcement of Death, —that only was the cause of his *despair*,—and that despair was uttered in the words of the passage, "O Death! I know't!" &c. From that feeling of despair Wagner rescued him by his intrusion, for his coming in, dispelled the idea he had entertained of immediate death; and therefore he says in the after soliloquy,

> Yes, thou didst tear me from a hopeless fate,
> Just when Despair my mind would overturn.

It is therefore pretty clear that it was not Wagner who should his "Glück zu nichte," for he did come, destroying despair not joy—but that the allusion was to Death, which did *not* come,—yet the anticipation had *occasioned* despair. Again page 35, line 27,

> Hab' ich die Kraft dich anzuziehn besessen;
> So hat ich dich zu halten keine Kraft.
>
> Though I constrained thy coming at my pleasure,
> Yet had I not the power to force thy stay.

Which power of forcing the Spirit into his presence still remained to Faust, if he chose to use it. I therefore say that the *despair* can only be sought for and found in the passage in question—the fear of Death! which would effectually stop his high career, and destroy his brightest hopes—joys which he expected, the fulness or complete revelations of the flame-clad vision,—to arise from his having found out that he possessed the power of bringing into his presence the Spirit of the Earth; he already calculated on the brilliant results, and fancied himself almost in possession of them. See page 35,

> I thought me near the mirror of eternal truth.
> Ganz nah gedünkt dem Spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
> Sein selbst genoß im Himmelsglanz und Klahrheit,
> Und abgestreift den Erdensohn.

As if Goethe had determined to give a key to the obscure passage to those who were anxious to come at his meaning, he alludes afterwards to the circumstances in a very peculiar and most pointed way,—I will quote them, and think they strongly sanction my reading, and clench the argument in favour of the construction I have put on the passage.

When Mephistopheles first lays siege to Faust's virtue, by inducing him to partake of *life's delights*, he finds Faust about to relapse into his former state of *despair*, which might end the temptation; fearful therefore of losing his victim and wager, and, *as devil*, knowing that sarcasm would best work on the haughty temper of Faust, he adroitly seizes on the only two weak points in Faust's character, taunts him with them, and thereby drives from the mind of him who has said, "I fear neither hell, nor his worship the Devil," all idea of suicide,—and raises in Faust a determination to cut himself loose from all social and early sympathies. The opportunity quickly occurs—Faust expressing himself, page 76, line 3,

Und ſo iſt mir das Daſeyn eine Laſt,
Den Tod erwünſcht, Das Leben mir verhaßt!

Thus is my *being* burthened, and unblest—
DEATH I desire—existence I detest!

Mephistopheles sarcastically says,

Und doch iſt nie der Tod ein ganz willkommner Gaſt.
Yet Death is never quite a welcome guest.

This appears to me conclusive that Death was meant; we have actually Holbein's Death pictured to us, as entering an uninvited guest!—but as if Goethe would leave no doubt resting on the passage in question, namely, that the *despair* arose solely from the supposed announcement of Death by his Familiar,—four lines lower he makes Faust describe his interview with the Spirit of the Earth as an interview of rapture!

O wer' ich von des hohen Geiſtes-kraft
Entzückt, entſeelt dahin geſunken!

Would I had sunk before the Spirit's might!
Rapt! and exanimated passed away.

The above being one of the weak points, and that not working—for Faust does not appear to have seized the allusion, or had not given it his ear; Mephistopheles immediately applies the other, and says, with increasing sarcasm,

Und doch hat Jemand einen braunen Saft,
In jener Nacht, nicht ausgetrunken.

And did not *some one*, on a certain night—
A certain "brown juice" fail to drink, I pray?

This reference to his not drinking the opiate on the Easter-eve is immediately heard, and caught at by Faust, who now is apprised of Mephistopheles' knowing the two circumstances, and, smarting under the lash of sarcasm, he first retorts by a charge of espionage, which is equivalent to the *admission* of both facts as stated by Mephistopheles: and then hints at the cause of his not drinking the opiate, which he follows up by the curse, page 77, beginning with

So flucht ich allem, was die Seele, u. s. w.
So do I now—Curse all that the soul, &c.

thereby cutting himself (as Mephistopheles foresaw) adrift from all former and early sensations and sensibility, and thus is he prepared to receive Mephistopheles' propositions with alacrity.

I will now close this long defence of my reading of the passage, which I think must prove to every candid person, correct, clear, and conclusive,—by two short remarks.

I reiterate my opinion, that where a doubt exists, it is the duty of a translator to take the more dignified meaning, especially if that meaning is borne out or corroborated by the context—it is but fair towards any author, how much more so then towards Goethe! I have done so, and thereby rendered the passage dignified, being at the same time most conscientiously convinced that so was Goethe's intention. On the other hand, those who construe the matter differently, what do they make of the passage if Wagner is to be the Famulus alluded to? O Tod! is turned into an irritable expression—the power of destroying Faust's brightest joys is attributed to the intrusion of the meek young student (Wagner,) who had nothing to destroy, (for the Spirit was gone,)—and who in the same breath is called, by the kind-hearted Faust, a *dry* or *sapless* sneaker!—and this sapless sneaker is immediately conversed with most confidentially, and chosen for a companion for the next day's country stroll! Are such contradictions and injustice to be heaped on Goethe!! I will be no party thereto. The passage I therefore think ought to be understood thus: the *knocking*—Faust takes for the announcement of death, and expresses himself in the anguish of his soul,

O Death! I know't!—it is my Familiar—
Doom'd are my splendid hopes—my high career!

Then going beautifully over from the ideal to the pictorial, or physical, he says, in anguish and scorn,

Alas! that the *fulness* of the flame-clad Vision
Should thwarted be, by th' sapless SNEAKER'S intercision.

Finally the two pauses "—Das iſt mein Famulus—" unaccompanied by a comma, is estimated by German scholars as of equal value, and often standing for the parenthesis—sometimes with us;—the passage so stopped would consequently read thus.

O Tod!—ich kenn's! (das iſt mein Famulus.)
O Death!—I know't! (It is my Familiar.)

The antecedent Death! would therefore be the noun alluded to in the subsequent lines, and Famulus, whether meaning Wagner or not, be wholly out of court:—the "trockne Schleicher," unquestionably the personified Death! and the fear of *untimely* dying, the cause of that "despair," from which Wagner afterwards by his intrusion rescued him.

It is a common belief in this country, as well as on the Continent, that a tapping often precedes one's own or a relative's death. All have heard of the Death-watch, which, until a poor little spider was discovered to be the Familiar, was believed to be the sure herald of death. The Familiar Spirit is often mentioned in the Bible.

PAGE 34, LINE 12.

With some *rare* pragmatic maxims
Such as a puppet's mouth beseems.

I have taken these and the foregoing lines as referring to the rulers of antiquity, and have therefore translated "Herren," "potentates"—the maxims, such as in the case of Alexander, "Were I not Alexander, then would I be Diogenes," or Titus's *rare* saying, "I have lost a day."

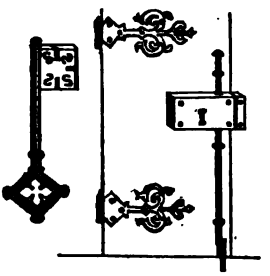
Goethe says in one of his recently published letters, alluding to a Potentate, "So hat er auch mit einer eigenſinnigen, voreingenommenen, unrektifizirlichen Vorſtellungsart, die Welthändel nach ſeinem Sinne gezwungen."

PAGE 37, LINE 13.

My instruments forsooth! must mock me too,
Cogs, cylinder, wheels, strap, and screw—
I'm at the gate! ye, should the keys be; dolts!
Your *beards* are shaggy, but ye heave me not the bolts.

I have retained the German word *beard*, as mentioned in the Preface, which is that part of a key called the wards, technically

denominated the *feather* of the key, a name as much unknown to the general reader as the *beard*. I have given the accompanying wood-cut that the passage may be better understood. It is from the memory I retain of having seen such style of lock in East Prussia. On old castle portals the bolts are on a larger and more complicated scale. The key, at the same time that it unlocks, heaves the bolt, which passes through the lock. The allusion intended by Goethe is, that Faust considering himself at the very portal of nature's mysteries, his instruments, which are curly, jaggy, or shaggy, like to the beard of a key, —which shaggy or *curly* beard in man indicated strength, did not assist him to heave the bolts,—they had been of no use to him. The ancients thought the curly head and shaggy beard a mark of strength, as displayed in Hercules, Theseus, Laocoön, &c. &c.



PAGE 43, LINE 2.

We give the Jägerhaus a turn to-day.

The sign of "The Huntsman," a house of entertainment, or a house of that sort kept by an old huntsman.

PAGE 47, LINE 1.

Agatha, begone!—

The word "fort" is used in two senses, begone! and forwards! I have understood it in the first sense, and think it addressed to the old fortune-telling hussey.

PAGE 52, LINE 15.

As to the *Venerabile!*

The Host—in Roman Catholic countries all go on their knees when the *host* passes.

PAGE 53, LINE 15.

There was RED LION, a bold lover, &c.

This passage is full of alchymical terms—red lion, perhaps meaning red mercury—the lily, antimony, &c.

PAGE 55, LINE 23.

And should one chance on a curious-parchment,
'Tis as if Heaven descended with glad news.

Wagner, would not be considered by Dr. Dibdin a dull, dry, pedant fool, but a rising bibliopolist, and not improbably a worthy companion on a bibliomanian tour. I feel certain that the learned doctor, should he see this, will approve of the way in which I have endeavoured to estimate Wagner's character.

PAGE 58, LINE 18.

He the young student's most accomplished scholar.

In reference to the attachment lads have to dogs, and the tricks they teach them: the Poodle is considered in Germany to be the most sagacious of the canine species—also the most companionable.

PAGE 65, LINE 6.

As when Destroyer—Fly-god—Liar, named.

The meaning of Apollyon, Beelzebub, &c.

PAGE 66, LINE 9.

He beams from MATTER—MATTER gives him radiance.

Meaning that the sun is matter; and that colour proceeds from body or substance. This agrees with Goethe's theory of colours.

PAGE 67, LINE 5.

So the Ever-moving thou wouldst dare resist.

The philosophy of Anaxagoras. See Note to page 30.

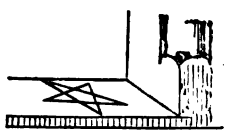
LINE 7.

Raise up thy icy Devil's fist.

Devils are considered to be essentially cold, although dwelling in flame.

PAGE 68, LINE 1.

Does then the Pentagramma cause you pain?



A symbol formerly scratched on the threshold of the finished house by the carpenter, as are the triangle, and three crosses now; also the horse-shoe, which is so often seen at cottage doors to prevent the devil's entering. The Pentagramma is called in common the Druid's foot, from the ancient belief that Druids were holy persons. Our horse-shoe is possibly of German origin, and has reference to the Devil,—it is probably intended to propitiate the Evil Spirit! who in Germany is painted with horse's feet,—with us hoofs cloven. Mephistopheles in this poem sports only one, and that but on grand occasions. See Walpurgis Night on the Brocken.

Bishop Kennett calls it "the pentangle of Solomon: and when it is delineated on the body of a man, it is supposed to point out the five places wherein our Saviour was wounded. There was an old superstitious conceit that this figure was a fuga demonium: the devils were afraid of it." In the accompanying Pentagramma one of the points is left open, for the purpose of explaining the following lines,

The fifth toe there—that outward indexer,
Is at the point not closed.

PAGE 72, LINE 21.

This threshold spell to disunite
Demands the aid of the grey rats' bite.

The outer angle having been carelessly left open, it allowed Mephistopheles (the Poodle) to enter, who being Devil is forced by compact to egress by the way he came in at, see page 68, line 17,—the *near* angles being closed, he must avail himself of the rat's assistance, who gnaws the point off one of them.

PAGE 73, LINE 5.

So!—Faustè, dream on, till thou seest me again.

I have closely followed Goethe in this line, by using the Latin vocative of Faustus.

PAGE 74, LINE 12.

Moreo'er THE COCK'S tall feather in my hat.

Mephistopheles calls himself the Spirit of Negation, or he that denies,—and adopts for his crest the cock's feather: the allusion is to the cock that crew when Peter denied. Mephistopheles is not of the highest rank of fallen angels.

PAGE 82, LINE 18.

The Lordship, rests in the wax and leather.

Having a legal document in your possession, the power or *lordship* is in the seal and parchment,—and the word of honour dispensed with.

PAGE 86, LINE 3.

My worthy Sir—you view the matter
From a false point, as shall be shown.

This is an obscure passage, meaning, I think, that Faust being possessed of passions and strength, should embrace every opportunity, by any means or ways within his control, to gratify them, the *power* proving the right: insinuating also that inasmuch as he (Mephistopheles) was at his command, he (Faust) should order and partake of all that was in his (Mephistopheles) power to provide, with the same justice and freedom as he would make the horse in his stable conducive to his pleasure, or use.

PAGE 90, LINE 10.

Being as 'twere in Spanish boots constrained.

Instruments of torture made of wood, which pressed violently on

the calves of the legs, by means of wedges—called Spanish boots in Germany, because that and other punishments were introduced from Spain, when Spain held Belgium and the Low Countries. Spaniſche Bock, or Spanish goat, which was confining the hands and feet together; also Spaniſche Kragen, or Spanish collar, a large round piece of wood, with a hole in the centre large enough for the neck, which opened and locked as our stocks; it rested on the shoulders. It is a punishment, I believe, still used in some parts of the north of Europe.

PAGE 100, LINE 2.

You'll proceed *instanter* to elect a "Pope."

Answers to our chairman or president at a public dinner or jovial drinking party.

PAGE 103, LINE 17.

And their secret draw out—pat as perriwinkle.

Those who have remarked boys armed with a pin, extract the little fish from the shell, will immediately see the palpable closeness to the metaphor, and approve of the equivalent I have given for die Würmer aus der Naſe ziehen.

PAGE 104, LINE 13.

Did ye take supper first, with Mister Hans?

A Leipzig witticism, and answers to our "Did you dine with Duke Humphrey?"

PAGE 111, LINE 4.

We are right cannibálish well.

A distich from an old song, the words of which I have not been able to obtain in time.

PAGE 116, LINE 20.

For me who could build a thousand bridges in the time.

Dangerous wooden structures, common in mountainous countries, and which have obtained the name of Devil's bridges.

PAGE 130, LINE 11.

That's spoken like Jack Liederlich.

I have retained the German name, because I could not find a short equivalent. Liederlich means debauched, wild, &c.

PAGE 134, LINE 21.

O lovely hand! celestial in affinity.

As producing order and happy arrangement.

PAGE 135, LINE 17.

Alas! the giant John becomes so pigmy small.

Giant John, proverbial in Germany for a haughty, boasting fellow.

PAGE 137, LINE 25.

He saw it fall;—and a-drinking.

The goblet on the waves would have that appearance, and would eventually sink from its sips.

PAGE 140, LINE 12.

Well, well, thought she, 'tis but a "gift jade."

The present of a dangerous horse,—either from its being old and liable to let you down, or viciously inclined.

LINE 23.

My dear ladies, the Church, the Church alone, it is manifest
Can stolen,—and unholy things digest.

The large donations, bequests, and usurpations, of the ancient Catholic Church.

PAGE 145, LINE 4.

I would after a certain Dame Schwerdtlein inquire?

A proper name, meaning, however, small sword.

PAGE 150, LINE 21.

Myself with you would rings exchange.

It is the custom in Germany, and other parts, for rings to be exchanged at betrothments.

PAGE 179, LINE 3.

Thou dost lack——Christianity. Denn du haſt keine Chriſtenthum.

In the German, "for thou hast no Christendom," which would not be readily understood, that expression being almost obsolete with us.

PAGE 180, LINE 1.

Even of such coots as he—is th' world productive.

A black water-fowl of the duck species, considered very ugly; it feeds late in the evening, and is then very active: aptly likened to Mephistopheles.

PAGE 187.

Outside of the town jail. Zwinger.

The root of this word is Zwang—daher der Zwinger, der Zwang, Force. (des Zwanges)—Schmidthenner's Deutſches Wörterbuch. Schiller uses the word in "Tell," Zwing Uri, for a place of confinement, built by Gesler—the walls of such Zwinger were very thick, and admitted of niches. In this instance it is a jail, or house of correction.

PAGE 189, LINE 1.

When I've so sat at a boozing bout. Wenn ich ſo ſaß bei einem Gelag.

The word Gelag is not easily rendered; it means a merry drinking company, a sort of club.

PAGE 190, LINE 24.

I see a lambent flame out there.

A superstitious belief that such flame indicated concealed treasure. Lion-Dollars, a coin.

PAGE 192, LINE 21.

Out with th' Toledo toasting fork.

A cant name for the small sword; the German word for the same is Fledermiſch, or feather-duster, or whisk.

PAGE 197.

The Evil Spirit.

A personation of the upbraidings of conscience. The whole scene is a powerful description of Margaret's wretched state of mind.

PAGE 200, LINE 1.

Dost thou not yearn for a broomstick! to bestride?

Walpurgis was a female saint, said to have converted the Saxons. Goethe was rallied on this passage, but he declined altering it.

PAGE 202, LINE 17.

Uhu! Schuhu!—owls fly over!

The owl and the screech-owl—names originating in the sounds uttered by those birds: 'tis also the same with the plover, Kibitz, with us sometimes called pewit, from its cry.

LINE 26.

The Masern pushes fibres forth. Aus belebten derben Masern.

I have retained the German word, because I could not give an equivalent. Masern is not in reality a tree,—yet there are what are called birch-masern and maple-masern, which in fact means that the maser of those trees are most prized; maser being the curly part of the wood: it is used for German tobacco-pipe heads, picture frames, and fine furniture. The maser, or curly part, is generally found near the root; it is however not confined to that part of the tree, but is often found several feet higher up. Where this natural operation is going on in that part of the tree which is near the root, the maser throws out fibres which run horizontally below the surface of the

earth; they stretch out a yard or two, and in sandy soils, where rains and torrents have carried off some of the surface, the fibres are bared, and consequently liable to entangle the traveller's foot. In this point of view Goethe compares them to the feelers of the polypus.

PAGE 203, LINE 2.

And the Glow-worms rise in flights,
With their juggling freakish lights,
To act as guides to the hordes beneath.

Be it borne in mind that all is "magic mad to-night," therefore the glow-worms are on the wing, and the mice on the march from the glow of the mountains.

LINE 26.

They meet and masse anew. Vereinzelt ſie auf einmal.

I must own I cannot find authority for the way in which I have construed the passage, yet I do not the less doubt that I have given Goethe's meaning of the picture in correct keeping. The heat has set the ore of the mountain running from many mouths: descending from the hills, it flows in many veins through the valley, until the dip of the ground leads the separate veins of molten ore into a rock nook, where they all meet, and form again a whole. The only word that comes near to it in sense, is the Deutſche Zoll Verein, which is the German custom duties' *league*.

PAGE 204, LINE 5.

Does not Sir Mammon on this feast fall
Light up splendidly his Bullion-Hall?

The Hartz Mountains contain much ore, which is actively worked; therefore Mephistopheles called it Mammon Palace.

PAGE 205, LINE 3.

The Witches to the Brocken Hill draw.

The Brocken Hill is the highest hill in that part of Germany—and is part of the Hartz Mountains. On the top is a flat open space, where

crocuses in early spring are astonishingly numerous—there is a house where refreshment, &c. may be had. When Goethe visited it in 1777, he remained there fourteen days, unknown to any of his friends, and wrote some beautiful lyrics. To these mountains the Druids fled—hence the superstitions prevalent. Sir Urian, another name for Satan. The disagreeable atmosphere of the he-goat may, without doing violence to the unities, be considered delectable by the witches' olfactories. I had my reasons for so translating the line.

LINE 16.

Over Ilsenstein.

A high rock in the Hartz.

PAGE 206, LINE 15.

Come with us, come with us,—from Felsensee.

A small rock lake in the Hartz mountains.

PAGE 208, LINE 10.

O 'tis a veritable witch-element!

The peculiar *fragrance* of the air surrounding the party, Mephistopheles terms element.

PAGE 209, LINE 16.

That in the greater-world, we lesser-worlds create.

The macrocosmus, or the universe—and the microcosmus, or the lesser world. The latter is of very extensive signification, meaning this earth, society, a farm, a house, even a child's plaything; it is in fact that which bounds our ambition for the time, and administers *present* pleasure and contentment. Alluding to Margaret, Faust says, in page 173, line 4,

> **Whilst sidewards SHE, with childish unsuspicious mind,**
> **Has her abode upon the mountain's narrow ledge,**
> **Where the whole stock of her first housewifery confin'd**
> **Her all, her little world! she thinks secure within her cottage.**

Quarles, in the Enchiridion, says, "God is Alpha and Omega in the great world; endeavour to make him so in the little world: make him thy evening epilogue, and thy morning prologue."

PAGE 212, LINE 20.

This should a sort of yearly fair or messé be.

The Leipzig fair is well-known in England as the Leipzige messe.

PAGE 213, LINE 4.

Adam's first wife.

A Rabbinical account, in which Lilith is given as her name.

PAGE 214, LINE 16.

He is a sort of Mr. Meddle-with-all.

Meaning Nicholai, the bookseller of Berlin, who wrote against ghosts and witches, and took an active part against Jesuits. He published, in conjunction with Lessing and Mendelsohn, assisted by Abbt, Resewitz, Sulger, &c., "Letters concerning the newest German Literature." He also burlesqued Goethe's Sorrows of Werther, in a publication called "The Joys of Young Werther." In 1765 he brought out, with their—and the assistance of divers literary men in different parts of Germany, a critical work which flourished forty years, called "The Algemeinen Deutschen Bibliothek," which work attacked every new system—those writers are probably the Xenien of the Intermezzo, page 223.

Goethe amply revenges himself for the annoyance Nicholai had caused him,—by many allusions in this drama: he is the Procktophantasmist, also the Inquisitive Traveller of pages 221 and 224. The following impromptu was launched at Nicholai and other learned censors by Goethe,

Was ſcheert mich der Berliner dann,
Und eitles Pfaffenweſen—
Und wer mich nicht verſtehen kann,
Der lerne beſſer leſen.

In his letter to Merck, dated Weimar, April 8th, 1785, he says, "Einem Gelehrten von profession traue ich zu, daß er seine fünf Sinne ableugnet. Es ist ihnen selten um den lebendigen Begriff der Sache zu thun, sondern um das, was man davon gesagt hat."

PAGE 215, LINE 6.

Spite of our wisdom a Tegel house is haunted.

The name of a place near Berlin.

LINE 20.

Then is he cured of ghosts and necromancy.

Nicholai, although he took a decided part against superstition, was, according to his own account, afflicted with strange aberrations, or ocular delusions; the application of leeches had a beneficial effect on him.

PAGE 216, LINE 15.

A magic statue—'tis lifeless—is an idol.

From *ειδωλον*, an image of the mind.

LINE 19.

You've heard the story of Medusa?

The Medusa head turned the gazers on it to stone. In the National Gallery is a picture on the subject by Poussin.

PAGE 217, LINE 10.

A single string of coral beads should deck.

Indicating the death Margaret was to suffer, namely, beheading.

LINE 17.

There goes all merrily—as in the Prater.

A park well covered with pine trees, through which broad avenues have been cut for the diversion of equestrians and promenaders. It is the Hyde Park or Regent's Park of Vienna, with this difference,

that there are constantly refreshment booths and places for fun and amusement by the road side; on holidays, as Easter, &c., the numbers increase.

PAGE 219, LINE 2.

For the working men of Miedings.

Miedings was machinist and scene-painter to the Weimar theatre. Nature providing the scenery, it was to his men a holiday.

LINE 8.

Then shall the GOLDEN half suffice me.

This is a very obscure passage. I have understood it as were the Herald to say, "We are met for the purpose of celebrating a Golden Marriage, which can only take place after fifty nuptial years are full." For my own part, were I to live until my fiftieth wedding-day, I am inclined to think I should prefer the GOLDEN half of the Feast, GOLDEN-MARRIAGE! — or "gold" in preference to "dalliance." Twenty-five years of marriage is called in Germany the *silver* marriage-day, and fifty years the *golden*.

PAGE 220, LINE 2.

Switching his foot in dancing. Und ſchleift den Fuß im Reihen.

What is meant thereby is, that Puck comes in waltzing, and scrapes the sole of the right-foot shoe along the ground, making a noise similar to the whetting of a carving-knife on a stone step. The waltz is always commenced by the left foot, and sweeping, switching, or swiching the right foot in a half circle after it causes the peculiar sound,—formerly it was considered very masterly to produce it. From that circumstance the waltz was, and is often called a Schleifer.

LINE 5.

Ariel leads the song to-day.

Puck, Ariel, Oberon, and Titania, are the same as mentioned by Shakspeare; as to the following characters, nothing certain can be said, Goethe not having left a key to them—that they are all bur-

lesque, and intended to satirize systems, persons, dress, and manners, is certain. I have several times witnessed the introduction of this style of four-line verse, after the bottles have passed freely,—when each one at table was required in turn, to cudgel out a stanza full of fun, nonsense, or wit, as may be, to this metre,—making what he pleased his subject of merriment;—from the master of the house to the cat in the kitchen.

PAGE 236, LINE 10.

Who can say it was for *me* intended?

It is difficult to know to what Margaret refers, whether to an old legend that described a similar case, or to the burthen of a song only; thinking the latter possible, I have, in line 6, put "She made away with it" in inverted commas.

PAGE 241, LINE 20.

It will rise again you'll see.

This whole passage may be taken as a literal description of what did occur.

PAGE 242, LINE 4.

There sits my mother on a cold stone.

The breaking off, and repeating the line, strongly mark increasing distraction,—sense ebbs and flows in rapid transitions—ending in a pious calm.

PAGE 243, LINE 8.

The bell tolls—the wand is severed.

A close description of the ceremony of beheading, as practised formerly in Germany,

> Every neck winces at sight
> Of the sharp steel, that must mine disunite.

The sympathetic feeling experienced by spectators even when witnessing a surgical operation.

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